

SCREENLAND

★
ICC

March

15¢

Exclusive!

"I'm Raising
My Son
for Tomorrow!"
Says
ROSALIND RUSSELL

The Truth About
TURHAN BEY
With Color
Closeup

GINGER
ROGERS
in "Lady in
the Dark"

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FEB 15 1944

Joan Blondell

Lovely Hollywood
Screen Star



BE *Glamour* -WISE...
USE A MINER'S POWDER BASE



MINER'S
Liquid MAKE-UP



MINER'S
Foundation Cream
with LANOLIN



MINER'S Patti-Pac
CAKE MAKE-UP

...and have a complexion that looks glamorous... gloriously smooth, flawless and velvety fresh all day long.

MINER'S offers three perfectly blended Powder Bases—LIQUID... CREAM... CAKE. Each is especially designed to meet your particular complexion needs.

Try your favorite MINER'S POWDER BASE today... and see how much lovelier you look than ever before.

Six skin-glorifying shades... 25¢ to \$1.00

BRAND NEW!
MINER'S Lan-o-glo
with Lanolin. The Powder Base that's really different!



MINER'S

Masters of Make-Up Since 1864

After Hours—

win romance with a bright, sparkling smile!



Smiles are brighter when gums are firmer. Guard against "pink tooth brush"—use Ipana and massage:

THERE'S a victory to win—and you're working hard! But after hours, you're *you*—with your girl's heart and time for romance. So wear your feminine frills and furbelows. Yes, and call on the most fetching charm of all—a radiant smile!

Remember you don't need beauty to win happiness and romance. Charm counts as much as beauty. And even the plainest girl—with a sparkling, attractive smile—can turn heads and win hearts!

So make your smile gay and radiant—a

smile that is the real YOU. And remember, healthy gums are important if you want to have a bright, sparkling smile.

"Pink tooth brush"—a warning!

If your tooth brush "shows pink"—*see your dentist!* He may say your gums are tender—robbed of exercise by our soft foods. Like many dentists, he may suggest "the helpful stimulation of Ipana and massage."

For Ipana is designed not only to clean teeth thoroughly but, with massage, to aid

the health of the gums as well. Let Ipana and massage help you to brighter teeth, firmer gums, a lovelier smile!



Product of Bristol-Myers

Start today with Ipana AND massage

Your Country needs you in a vital job!

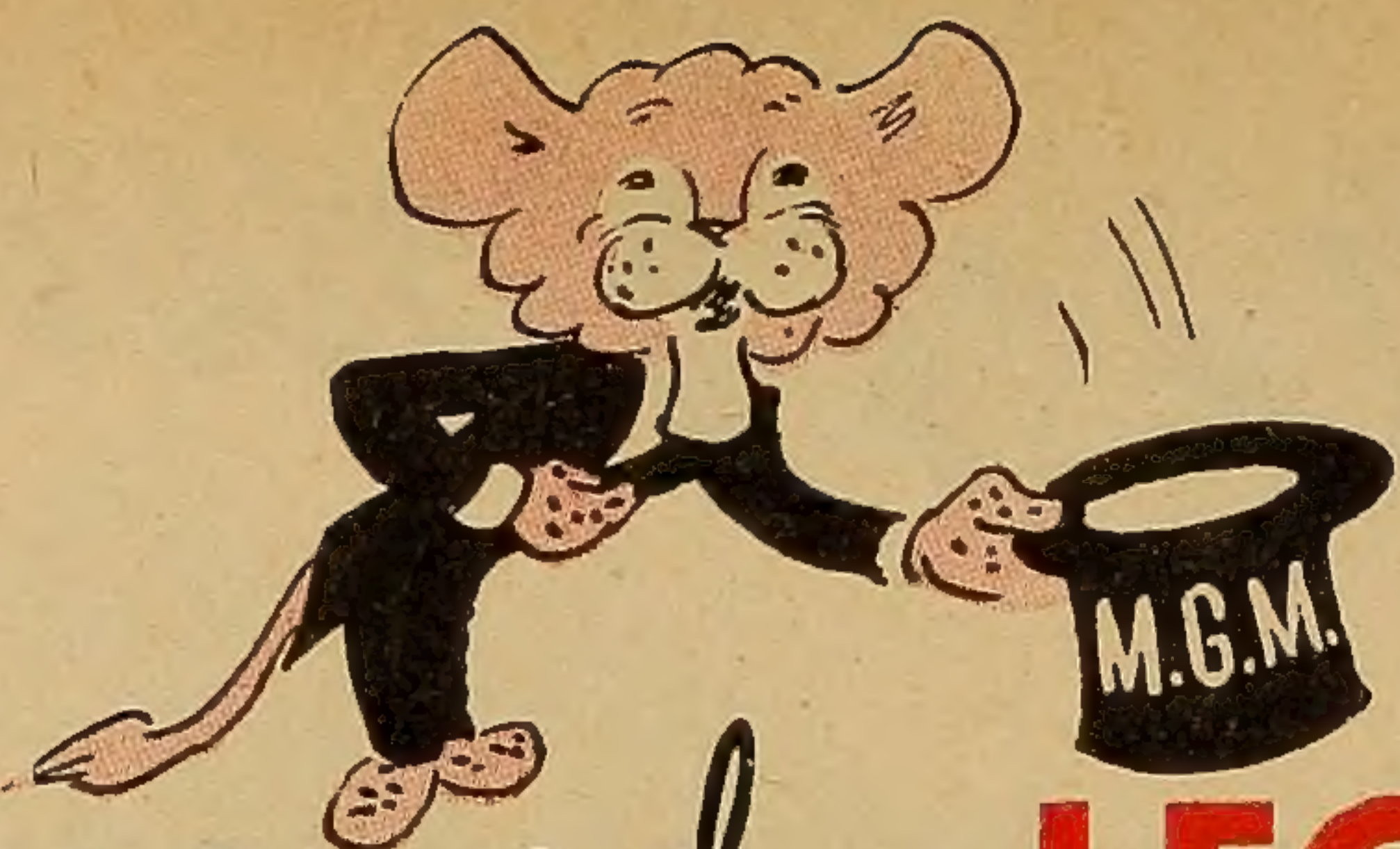
3,000,000 women are needed to serve on the home front—to release more men for wartime duties.

Jobs of every kind—in offices, stores and schools—as well as in defense plants—are *war jobs* now.

What can you do? *More than you think!*

If your finger can press a button, you can run an elevator or a packaging machine! If you can keep house, you've got ability that hotels and restaurants are looking for!

Check the Help Wanted ads. Or see your local U. S. Employment Service.



a guy named **LEO PRESENTS**



a guy named **SPENCER TRACY**



a gal named **IRENE DUNNE**

in VICTOR FLEMING's Production

of the M-G-Marvelous Romance

The grandest love story since "Test Pilot"

"*a Guy Named Joe*"



with VAN JOHNSON • WARD BOND • JAMES GLEASON • LIONEL BARRYMORE
BARRY NELSON • ESTHER WILLIAMS • Screen Play by Dalton Trumbo • Adaptation by
Frederick Hazlitt Brennan • Directed by VICTOR FLEMING • Produced by EVERETT RISKIN
A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture

SCREENLAND

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March, 1944

Vol. XLVIII, No. 5

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Natural Color Cover Portrait of GINGER ROGERS, who will next be seen in Paramount's "Lady In The Dark," opposite Ray Milland

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SCREENLAND

METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER'S
LION'S ROAR

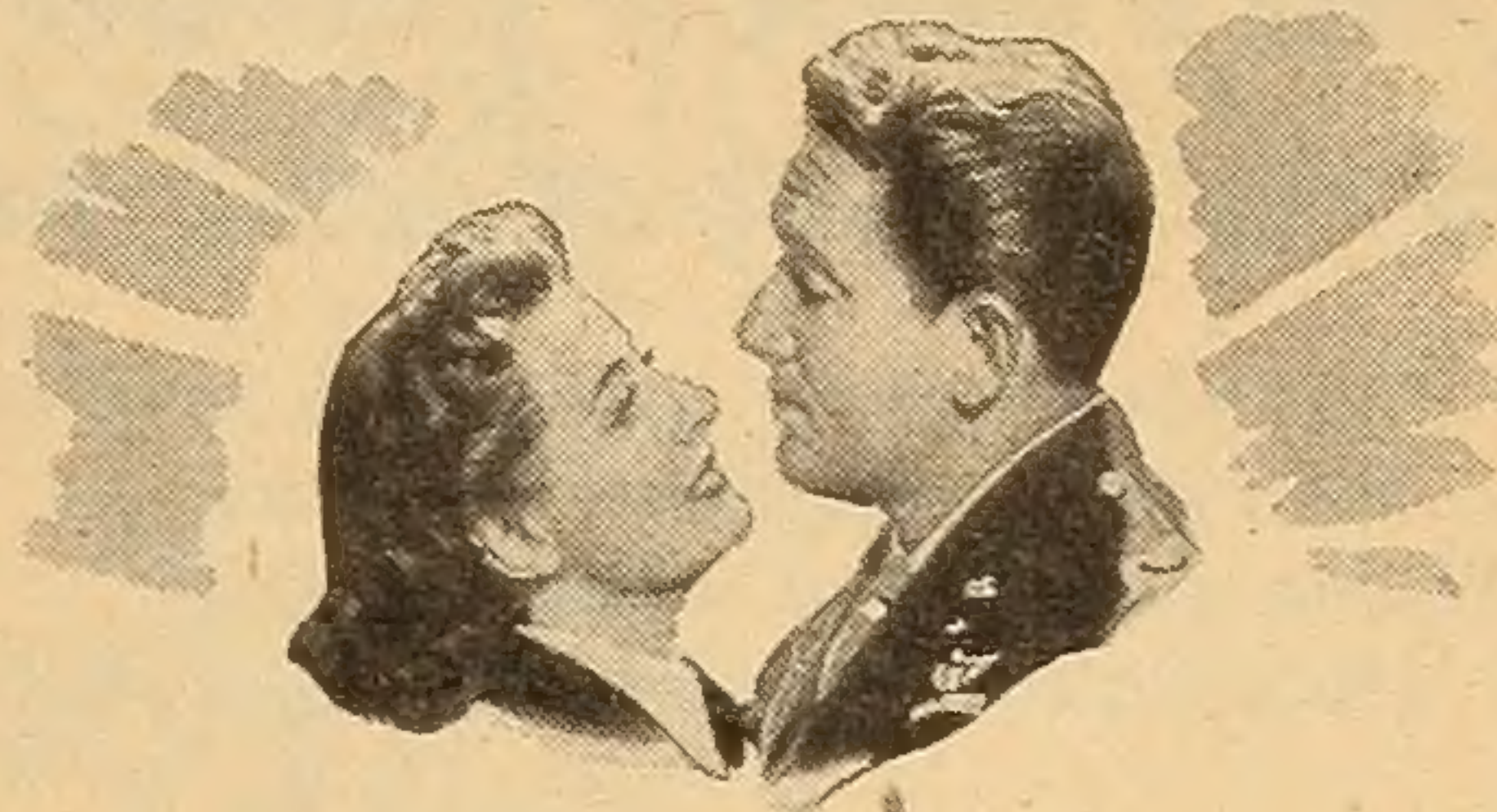
Published in
this space
every month



The greatest
star of the
screen!

A legend currently circulating among airmen reveals that when General Chennault, commanding his Flying Tigers, climbed into the cockpit of a plane he said,

"When I'm at the stick I'm just a guy named Joe."



M-G-M presents Spencer Tracy and Irene Dunne in Victor Fleming's production of "A Guy Named Joe".

With Van Johnson, Ward Bond, James Gleason, Lionel Barrymore, Barry Nelson, Esther Williams.

Screen play by Dalton Trumbo, adaptation by Frederick Hazlitt Brennan, directed by Victor Fleming and produced by Everett Riskin.

That's the entire billing and it's an honor to be on it. "A Guy Named Joe" is a great memorable picture.

Spencer Tracy gives the outstanding performance of his career. It is way ahead of his shadow life as an aviator in "Test Pilot".

Irene Dunne surpasses her best work, not excluding "The Awful Truth".

Victor Fleming's direction makes you remember that he also directed "Gone With The Wind".

Two lovers with stars in their eyes and their eyes in the stars are Spencer and Irene. She too, you see, is a pilot.

A story of recklessness in the face of the sheerest danger and of love itself which is the enemy of fear.

M-G-M is as proud of this one as of "Madame Curie" which has met with such acclaim throughout the country.

If you care to listen in to a first class radio program try "The People's Reporter" on the Mutual Network. Need we tell you the sponsor?

But it's hard for us to mention the air without coming back to...

"A GUY
NAMED
JOE"

Presented by

A Guy Named

—Leo





*Add a touch of glamour
to the beauty of your hair*

Want your hair to look more lovely?
It's easy if you know the trick
Listen closely and we'll tell you
How Colorinse will help you—QUICK!



Colorinse adds dancing highlights,
Richer color, lustrous sheen,
Helps hair look so bright and sparkling
Prettier than you've ever seen.



Start today—accent your beauty,
Colorinse after each shampoo
You'll be thrilled beyond expression
When Colorinse glamorizes YOU!

P.S. FOR YOUR NEXT PERMANENT, ASK FOR
A NESTLE OPALESCENT CREME WAVE.

**Nestle
COLORINSE**



In 10¢ and 25¢ sizes
At beauty counters
everywhere

KEEP HAIR IN PLACE ALL DAY LONG

For that well-groomed
look, whether you wear
your hair up or down
— a delicately per-
fumed hair lacquer.
Just a few drops of
Hairlac will keep
your coif in place
throughout the
day. 2½ oz.
bottle 25¢.



Nestle HAIRLAC



HOT from
HOLLYWOOD

Here is six-months-old
Alana Ladd, daughter
of the Alan Ladds.

ROMANTIC rumor of the month con-
cerns Van Johnson and Judy Gar-
land. We'd hate to hold our breath so
long, but there are those who believe
Judy and Van are heading for the altar.
In the meantime they are seen here and
there together, a mighty cute couple.

RICHARD WARING, who gets his
break opposite Bette Davis in "Mr.
Skeffington," just bought a small restau-
rant. On the announcement cards he
sent out for a gag, Richard wrote, "No
dogs allowed, wolves welcome!"

GREER GARSON and Ensign Richard
Ney are going to have a Hollywood
honeymoon or else! The studio has issued
orders to the publicity department, the
production department, and all depart-
ments concerned that Greer is not to be
disturbed while her husband is here on
leave. You have to be a pretty big star
to rate that kind of treatment.

LITTLE MARGARET O'BRIEN just
received a fan letter that almost any
glamor gal would swoon over. It's from
Cary Grant, who saw Margaret in "Lost
Angel" and thinks she's an angel—and
anything but lost!

WITH merchandise at a premium,
Betty Grable is having a difficult
time trying to assemble a layette for the
new baby. Carole Landis is organizing a
group of girls who will be known as the

"Diaper Brigade." They're going to get
together once a week and work on tiny
garments. Betty thinks it's a swell gesture.

BY THE TIME you read this, John
Loder should belong to M-G-M.
Hedy Lamarr wants to do a picture
with her husband and has everyone in
the script department searching for the
right vehicle. Since "Old Acquaintance"
the Loder career is looping.



Dinah Shore and George Montgomery "at
home" after secret marriage in Las Vegas.



"But it would be more fun to see
'The Miracle of Morgan's Creek'"

drop everything
to see it!

Paramount's

THE MIRACLE OF MORGAN'S CREEK

(There's no Morgan in it-
There's no Creek in it-
But there is a Miracle-
And what a Miracle!)

starring **Eddie Bracken**
Alias Ignatz Ratzkywatzky, the 6F Miracle Man!

and **Betty Hutton**

As Trudy Kockenlocker who kissed
the boys good-bye, regiment by regiment!

With DIANA LYNN • WILLIAM
DEMAREST • PORTER HALL and
'McGINTY' and 'THE BOSS' • Written
and Directed by PRESTON STURGES

"When funnier pic-
tures are made, you'll
simply collapse!"

*"Promise me you won't tell
a soul what the hilarious
MIRACLE is. They wouldn't
believe you anyway!"

Melisse



SCREENLAND

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Scenes from the forthcoming
musical sensation of 1944



Rita Hayworth
Gene Kelly
in
COVER GIRL
in *Technicolor*

Music by JEROME KERN
Lyrics by IRA GERSHWIN

with
LEE BOWMAN • PHIL SILVERS • JIM FALKENBURG
and

THE COVER GIRLS
15 OF AMERICA'S MOST BEAUTIFUL WOMEN

Screen Play by Virginia Van Upp
Directed by CHARLES VIDOR
A COLUMBIA PICTURE



Your **GUIDE**
to
CURRENT FILMS

SELECTED BY *Delight Evans*

DESTINATION TOKYO—Warner Bros.



Warner Bros., who turned out a grand job on "Air Force," do it again—this time on the submarine service. In addition to the tried talents of Cary Grant, John Garfield, Alan Hale and John Ridgley, they have cast several newcomers in important rôles. The story concerns the *U.S.S. Copperfin* and her crew on a secret mission to broadcast from Tokyo all necessary information for a successful raid on Japan. There are many tense moments of suspense—an unexploded bomb lodged in the aft deck, prolonged depth bomb attacks and finally cruising underneath a damaged Jap cruiser by listening device. See our Honor Page for further praise.

MIRACLE OF MORGAN'S CREEK—Paramount



Audiences are in for a grand surprise! Preston Sturges, noted for his individualistic treatment, has done a remarkable job of suspense. The film is important, too, because it gives Betty Hutton her first real chance to give out with histrionics, which she does with effervescent enthusiasm. Eddie Bracken also proves he's of star caliber, though he practically knocks himself out in every scene. The story's about a pert young smalltown miss who wakes up one morning with the knowledge that she doesn't know what happened the night before. The predicament grows, involving her boy friend, town and finally the state. Don't tell surprising end!

HIGHER AND HIGHER—RKO-Radio



Hollywood hasn't changed Sinatra one iota in this screen version of a Broadway musical comedy. He plays himself with crooked smile, big ears and all the personality he exudes over a radio mike and across the footlights. More than that he delivers several hit songs to further stir young hearts. Michele Morgan proves herself mistress of comedy as the scullery maid who, in order to save a bankrupt millionaire's estate, poses as his daughter eligible for a wealthy suitor. Jack Haley handles the rôle of valet who engineers the hoax capably, and the millionaire is tailored to fit Leon Errol's brand of comedy. Marcy Maguire and Mel Tormé are a cute team.

STANDING ROOM ONLY—Paramount



The title is descriptive of wartime Washington which is again the scene for a fluffy bit of satirical comedy about a resourceful young lady (Paulette Goddard) from the donkey department of a toy factory and the handsome business manager (Fred MacMurray), the object of her amorous pursuit. As his secretary she accompanies him to Washington to convert the factory to an ordnance plant. When her "resourcefulness" in cancelling hotel reservations lands them on the street, she finds them jobs as domestics. Much confusion, red tape and other complications fail to reach the high hilarity stage. Edward Arnold, Roland Young, fine.

WHAT A WOMAN—Columbia



Rosalind Russell in the rôle of a dynamic talent agent, more familiarly known as ten percenters, Brian Aherne as an easy-going writer-editor, and a 6 foot 4 newcomer, Willard Parker, who warrants more than a second glance, make up a sure-fire formula. Story revolves around a best seller authored by a young pedantic professor, ashamed of his off-trail literary effort. When the book is to be filmed, he wins the starring rôle, and goes through a gruelling grooming. He falls in love and becomes too masterly for his efficient and beautiful "Pygmalion." It's fast and funny enough to satisfy that escapist impulse we all must indulge on occasion.



MADAME CURIE—M-G-M

Based upon Eve Curie's book about her mother, directed by Mervyn LeRoy and starring that well-remembered "Mrs. Miniver" team of Garson and Pidgeon, this photoplay will appeal to thoughtful adult audiences, taking its place among the really important motion pictures of its time. You should be warned not to expect rousing entertainment, for "Madame Curie" is a serious tribute to a high-minded, consecrated scientist, not a glamorization of her hard-working life. Even Greer Garson's magic is dimmed as she conscientiously portrays *Marie Curie* through her career of self-sacrifice, and Walter Pidgeon is equally painstaking in his characterization of husband *Pierre*. The discovery of radium provides the drama in their fine, faithful lives.



LADY IN THE DARK—Paramount

For something stunning, something different, see this! Moss Hart's hit show has been skilfully adapted to the screen, with all of its glamor and most of its wit intact. Only those who will positively accept no substitute for Gertrude Lawrence in her original rôle of fashion magazine editor *Liza Eliot* may find fault with Paramount's brilliant job. Ginger Rogers is not as subtle as Miss Lawrence in the part, but she will wow her audiences when she hits her stride in the musical numbers, especially the celebrated "Saga of Jenny." The stage play had no such charmer as Ray Milland in the rôle of advertising exec who turns out to be *Liza's* dream man after psycho-analysis has solved her emotional problems. The dream sequences are breathtaking. A "must" movie.



THE LODGER—20th Century-Fox

Haunting, menacing eyes of Laird Cregar as Jack the Ripper, character of Mrs. Marie Belloc Lowndes' novel, will follow you around the block. He gives a subtle performance, but we knew him from the first. Merle Oberon, particularly delightful as a music hall dancer in London, does a mean can-can. George Sanders plays the Scotland Yard inspector, and supplies a mild romance. The tone of the picture is as dark as the alleys in which the gruesome crimes are committed, but if you need a chill, see it by all means. (More Reviews on page 15)

TAKING
THEIR
LOVE
WHERE
THEY
FIND IT...
MAKING
IT WHAT
THEY
MUST...



Ida Lupino ★ Paul Henreid

“**IN OUR TIME**”

WARNER BROS.

OF ALL THE GREAT
STORIES PRODUCED BY

THERE HAS BEEN NONE
GREATER THAN THIS!

WITH **NANCY COLEMAN • MARY BOLAND • VICTOR FRANZEN • NAZIMOVA**

Directed by **VINCENT SHERMAN** • Produced by **JERRY WALD**
Original Screen Play by Ellis St. Joseph and Howard Koch • Music by Franz Waxman

*It's a
Pleasure*

to tell you about a
film that is happy and gay
and filled with romance and
action. You'll lose your cares
when you go to see this
rhumba-on-the-range fiesta

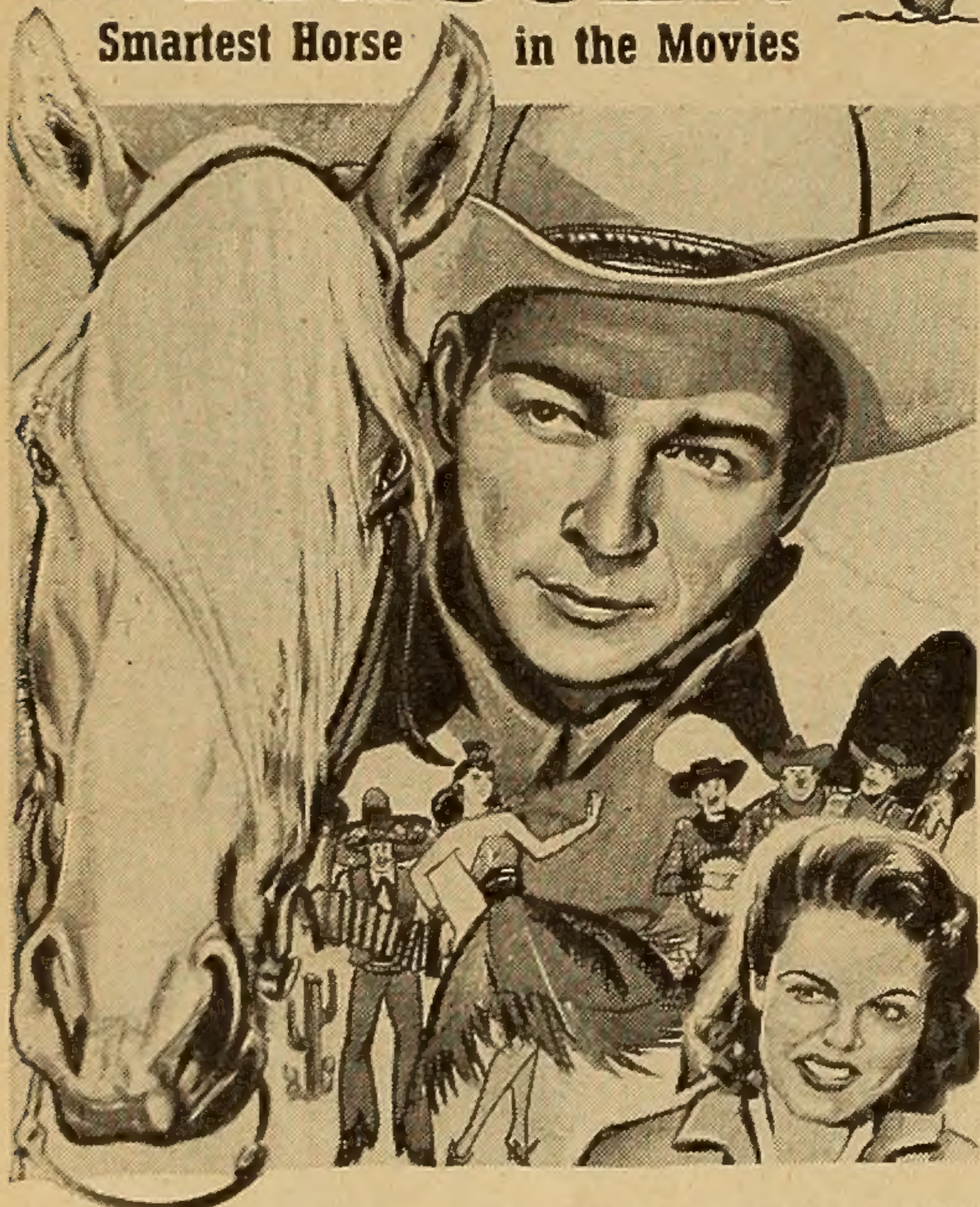


ROY ROGERS

King of the Cowboys

TRIGGER

Smartest Horse in the Movies



HANDS ACROSS THE BORDER

WITH
RUTH TERRY

GUINN "BIG BOY" WILLIAMS
ONSLow STEVENS
MARY TREEN,
The Wiere Brothers
and BOB NOLAN and
THE SONS OF THE PIONEERS

Roy Sings
Hoagy ("Stardust") Carmichael's "Hands Across
the Border" and other grand tunes

Buy War Bonds and Stamps

A REPUBLIC PICTURE



U. S. A.

Fans' Forum







FIRST PRIZE WINNER \$10.00

Mickey Mouse, Donald Duck and their cartoon kinsfolk are not to be outdone by the many top-flight stars in uniform and entertaining soldiers on far-flung battle fronts. They are majoring in the languages and a score of other subjects, including sanitation and nutrition! The animated pen pals of millions of youngsters will do an about-face when they present this new educational project endorsed by world leaders.

After Professor Duck condenses the English tongue into eight hundred and fifty words, to be known as Basic English, Bambi may give us his interpretation of Louis Pasteur, demonstrating the importance of vaccination. Or Ferdinand may lecture on the soy bean from his favorite cork tree.

By helping to combat illiteracy Disney's diplomats will serve as a powerful influence in the post-war solution of age-old international problems.

Motion picture audiences have learned many lessons from the pages of celluloid text-books, but when Disney and Edison met education really began!

MRS. NELL ROWE, Parkersburg, W. Va.

SECOND PRIZE WINNER \$5.00

A couple of months ago, I saluted a handsome young lieutenant. His face seemed familiar, and I thought perhaps I knew him in civilian life. For two weeks my mind kept reverting to the incident. Then one day when I saw him greet an enlisted man, I saw my chance to put my mind at ease. I asked the soldier the lieutenant's name and he replied: "Why, that's Lieutenant Price. You probably saw him in the movies. He was actor John Shelton before he entered the armed forces. You see his real name is John Shelton Price."

My curiosity was satisfied. John Shelton was one of my favorite actors. I liked him because he played his rôles with the naturalness of a man in a real life situation.

I saw him again when he acted as master of ceremonies at a soldiers' talent show. He has done an admirable job of keeping up the morale of the boys, and he has done it in his spare time, as his regular duty is with the signal corps.

For some time his wife, singer Kathryn Grayson, lived in nearby Clearwater Beach, and he made the twenty-five-mile trip across Tampa Bay each evening to be with her. Nothing has been heard of John Shelton in

Opinions, Please!

Everyone has at least one! We want yours about the stars and the latest movies you've seen. Motion picture producers and directors, as well as stars, welcome constructive criticisms and comments upon their films. They will be read in Fans' Forum. Your letter may win a prize, too. Monthly awards for the best letters published: \$10.00, \$5.00, and five \$1.00 prizes, all payable in War Savings Stamps. Closing date is the 25th of the month.

Please address letters to Fans' Forum, SCREENLAND, 205 East 42nd St., New York 17, N. Y.

the past couple of weeks, but wherever he may be, one can rest assured that he is giving his best to his country. In lovely Kathryn Grayson, John Shelton has a special reason why he wants to get this war over with quickly.

CPL. ARTHUR G. JOHNSON,
Drew Field, Fla.

FIVE PRIZE WINNERS \$1.00 EACH

While I think these war pictures have been a good thing for all of us here at home—showing what the boys are doing for us and how they are keeping our trust—I think a right-about-face in plots would be a good thing. Let's show the boys that *we* are keeping their trust, too—that our plans for the future are influenced by them and their home-coming. Let's have pictures that show some of the honest-to-goodness sacrifices and obstacles which confront the folks at home, and how gladly they are met.

It seems to me that the best morale-builder in the world for the boys in the service would be the thought that they always come first in our minds and hearts. And I know of no better medium to put this thought over than the movies!

MRS. CELIA SCHOOLEY, Wichita 2, Kans.

How about un-typing Veronica Lake? Seems to me it's about time. Her performance in "So Proudly We Hail" shows she can act, but who would know it when she



RATIONED FUEL?

Now, more than ever, Listerine Antiseptic may help you guard against colds and sore throat

WHEN the thermostat says 60 degrees as you sit down to play bridge, maybe you had better have a bottle of Listerine Antiseptic handy, to be used at the first sneeze or sniffle.

Many medical authorities consider a chill, a draft, wet or cold feet, and fatigue to be important factors in the production of some of the troublesome symptoms of colds.

In their opinion, these factors may lower body resistance so that a threatening group of germs called the *secondary invaders* can stage a "mass invasion" of throat tissues.

Much of the discomfort and misery associated with a cold are due, they say, to such "mass invasions."

Kills Millions of Germs in Tests

The prompt and *early* and repeated

use of Listerine Antiseptic may avert this mass attack . . . get the surface germs before they get you. This delightful germicide reaches way back on mouth and throat surfaces to kill millions of bacteria . . . gives Nature a helping hand in its fight to throw off the infection before it gets serious.

This quick, germ-killing action, we believe, explains why Listerine Antiseptic has had such an impressive record against colds in tests conducted over a period of twelve years.

Fewer Colds for

Listerine Antiseptic Users in Tests

These tests showed that regular, twice-a-day users of Listerine Antiseptic had fewer colds and fewer sore throats than non-garglers. Moreover, when colds did develop they were generally milder in character.

Just remember, that fifteen minutes

after Listerine Antiseptic was gargled germ reductions on mouth and throat surfaces ranging to 96.7% were noted . . . and up to 80% even one hour after the test gargle.

Surely, when you feel a cold coming on, it's just plain common sense to take advantage of the Listerine Antiseptic precaution. Lambert Pharmacal Company, *St. Louis, Mo.*

BECAUSE OF WARTIME restrictions you may not always be able to get Listerine Antiseptic in your favorite size. Most drug counters will, however, have it generally available in *some* size.

**LISTERINE
ANTISEPTIC**
for oral hygiene



"The Fighting Seabees," Republic's picture dedicated to the valiant Navy Construction service, has John Wayne and Susan Hayward, shown left, in the romantic leads. Below, Vera Hruba Ralston deserts her ice skates to play a strictly dramatic part in Republic's "The Monster," thriller-chiller horror story.



always gets the same part, no matter whether it's laid in Puritan New England, or in the Philippines? It's that darn hair that does it. Loose or pinned up, it makes no difference. A short haircut and some real life rôles would do wonders to take her out of the ranks of female oddities and put her into the ranks of real actresses. It'd better be, "Off with her hair" before a bored public says, "Off with her head."

VELMA EGGERS, Indianapolis, Ind.

Ah, these Frenchmen! First, it was Boyer in "Algiers." His dark smouldering eyes and velvety voice intrigued the girls no end. "Moontide" introduced Jean Gabin, he of the attractively ugly face, and American

women became definitely aware of that continental charm. Then Paul Henried took the country by storm in "Now Voyager." The girls just couldn't get over the fascinating way he lit cigarettes for two.

Now it's Jean Pierre Aumont in "Assignment In Brittany," and he's totally terrific. That mussed blond hair. That smile. Ah, me! I, for one, demand to see a lot more of him on the screen — and in romantic comedies, please.

CATHERINE McCROHAN, Detroit, Mich.

Ever since Alan Ladd went into the Army, there has been something missing in the movies. Now that he is out again my friends and I are very glad.

IRRESISTIBLE *** *as always!*

We dedicate to the
ARMY NURSE CORPS

IRRESISTIBLE *Yankee Red* **LIPSTICK**

A brave, bright red as spirited as its name. Wear it like a badge of cheer as a "pick-up" for service shades or any costume color! Easy to apply, non-drying... Irresistible Lipsticks are WHIP-TEXT through a secret process to stay on longer... smoother. Brilliant time-saving aid to the clear shining beauty of today's American woman. Complete your make-up with Irresistible's matching rouge and face powder.

10c AT ALL 10c STORES



Whip-Text TO STAY ON LONGER... S-M-O-O-T-H-E-R!

That "Irresistible something" is IRRESISTIBLE PERFUME 10c



Of course we're awfully sorry Mister Ladd couldn't stay in the Army—in one respect. He wanted so much to get in.

If it will make you feel any better, Mister Ladd, your fans are behind you. So how about giving us some more of your good pictures?

RITA JANE POPEJAY, The Bronx, N. Y.

I didn't intend to see "Oxbow Incident" because everyone I knew who had, discouraged me. It's a waste of time, they said. And it was. But an article by a producer in a trade journal whetted my curiosity. It said the picture had a timely and significant message, but judging from its boxoffice flop, the public missed the point.

I didn't, my friends didn't and I don't think the public did either. The message, that civilized men are governed by their conscience, not their passions, was obvious. But it was the producers that missed the point. They failed to make that message significant.

Our boys are fighting fiercely, gloriously, for freedom and the rights of civilized man, giving their lives for it. That's significant!

The Nazi and Jap fight fiendishly and without a conscience for power and supremacy. But he fights, and that's significant too.

The supposedly rough, tough boys of "Oxbow Incident" period talked about men's rights and humanity in quite a civilized way. They even took sides, but they didn't *do* anything about it. They didn't fight! No wonder it was strictly that—an incident without significance!

WILMA D. DURBIN, Detroit 27, Mich.

"I hope, Mary,

you will never read this letter . . .



If you do, it will mean that you will have to go on from here without me. You will have to face alone all these things we started out so confidently to face together. * I have wanted so much for you my darling. So many things I had hoped to give you and to share with you. * Above all else, I wanted you always to have peace of mind, your dignity and your independence. * Now it's too late for me to have a part in that. But perhaps I have been able to help a little. For sometimes, when things seem clear to me, I feel that these are the things we over here have been fighting for.

• All my love, Mary. We have had, at least, a little time together."

Tragedies like this—personal, individual tragedies—are happening every day. And they will continue happening until the great tragedy of war is over—and our victorious men start coming home. * America needs millions of her women—needs *you* personally—to make this day of victory come sooner. * *You* can do a vital job in ending this war *quicker*. *You* can save many and many an American soldier from fighting needless extra days. * *You* are wanted desperately in a war job—in the armed services—in essential civilian work. Today, look in the classified section of your newspaper, or go to your nearest United States Employment Service office. In most communities you will find the right job for you. If your choice is the armed services, apply at your Army or Navy Recruiting Station.

The more women at war . . . the sooner we'll win

PUBLISHED IN CO-OPERATION WITH THE DRUG, COSMETIC AND ALLIED INDUSTRIES BY

MUM

A Product of Bristol-Myers Co.

SCREENLAND

13



Ella Raines tries three sharply contrasting characterizations in her next picture, Universal's mystery thriller, "Phantom Lady."



A LESSON
IN LOVE SCENES
FROM LUM AND ABNER

Abner (Norris Goff) demonstrates the subtle technique with Margie Stewart, above, and seems to be doing all right. Lum (Chester Lauck) proves that he is a glamor boy, too, right, with Barbara Hale. The homespun comics are playing in RKO's "So This Is Washington."

HONORABLE MENTION

When I was a very little girl my mother used to take me to see Harold Lloyd's pictures because they were "accepted" as being quite proper for children. I would sit and cry from start to finish because I felt so sorry for Mr. Lloyd. I was miserable for him because he was so stupid.

As I watch Red Skelton on the screen I find that he has much the same effect on me as Harold Lloyd had twenty years ago.

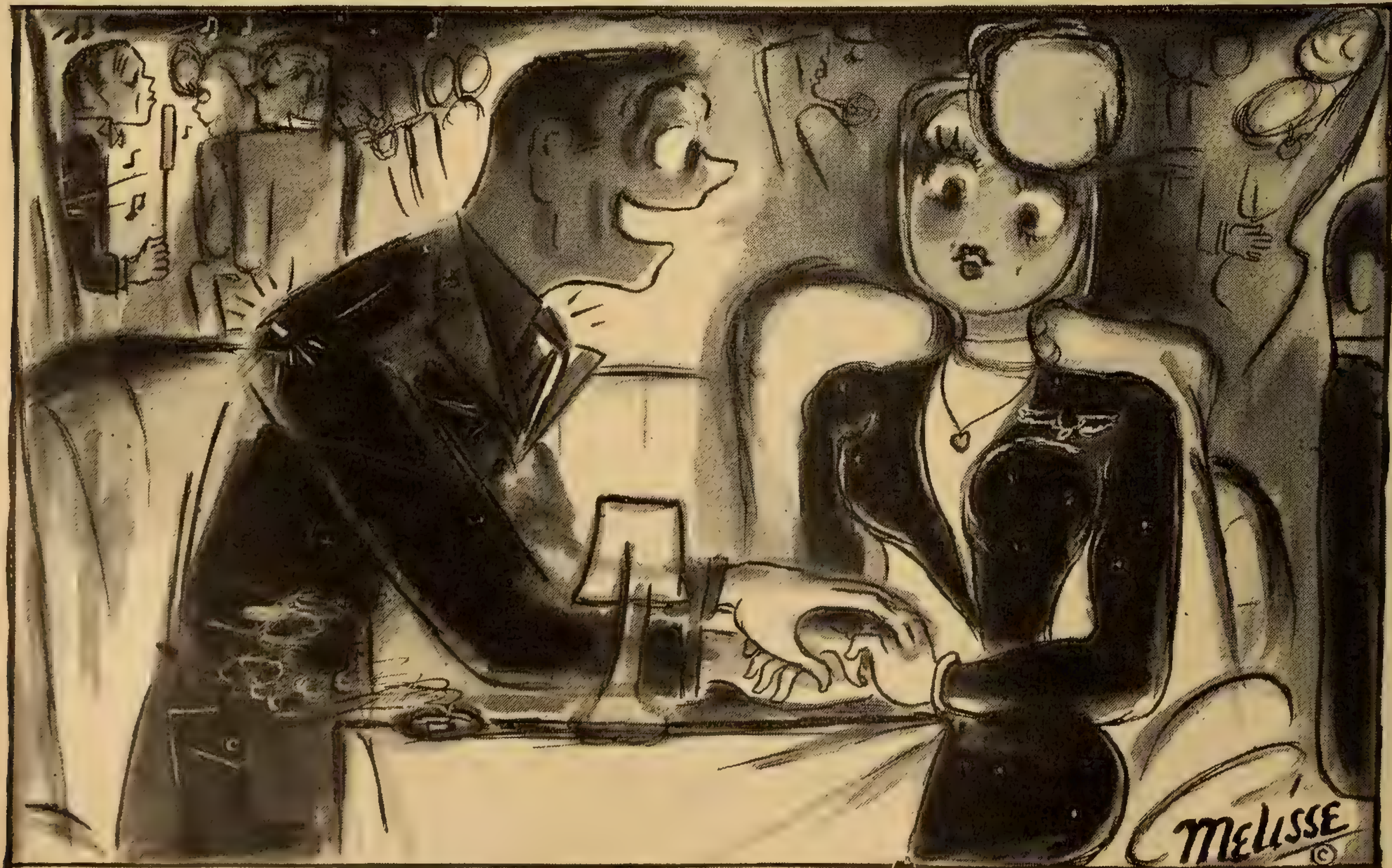
Must a comedian necessarily appear completely nonsensical? The cleverest people

(and the wittiest, I might add) are quite intelligent and often sophisticated. It would be so refreshing to see Red Skelton expose his quite nice face minus the imbecilic look. He is a fine actor. We might even be astonished to find that he has his share of sex-appeal! His brand of comedy when not supported by much else will grow stale. But if Red Skelton will combine his wit with the acting of which he is capable and portray a normal human being, he'll still be a welcome sight on any screen.

MRS. B. A. BATTLES, Oklahoma City, Okla.



ADVERTISEMENT



"If I didn't respect you, would I order Pepsi-Cola?"

Your Guide to Current Films



HAPPY LAND—20th Century-Fox

So heartening is this dignified portrait of an American family, so moving and poignant in its simple human emotions, this film version of MacKinlay Kantor's well-loved novel will linger in your memory and give guidance to those who need it. Don Ameche is largely responsible for making this a beautiful piece of Americana because of his fine understanding of the father whose son is lost in action. The son, played at various ages by Larry Olsen, James West, and Richard Crane, would be the pride of any family. The rôle that Frances Dee plays as wife and mother, is inconspicuous but adds an enormous amount of charm to the picture. Ann Rutherford contributes a fine and beautiful romance with Richard Crane. *Gramp* is played capably by Harry Carey.



NO TIME FOR LOVE—Paramount

Claudette Colbert lends glamor to the sandhogging profession in this frothy story adapted by Claude Binyon—a combination hard to beat. Add Fred MacMurray, as a big, brawny, conceited sandhog-inventor, and you have a picture that will take anyone's mind off wartime blues—for at least 83 minutes. An ace femme photographer (Claudette Colbert), glamorizing sandhogs for a picture magazine, saves the life of sandhogger (Fred MacMurray) whom she dreams is Superman. As a cure she tries to ridicule him in her own eyes. But Superman walks off with the honors in the drawing room, while she is found wanting in a riotous game of musical chairs the sandhoggers play to prove brains are important.



THREE RUSSIAN GIRLS—United Artists

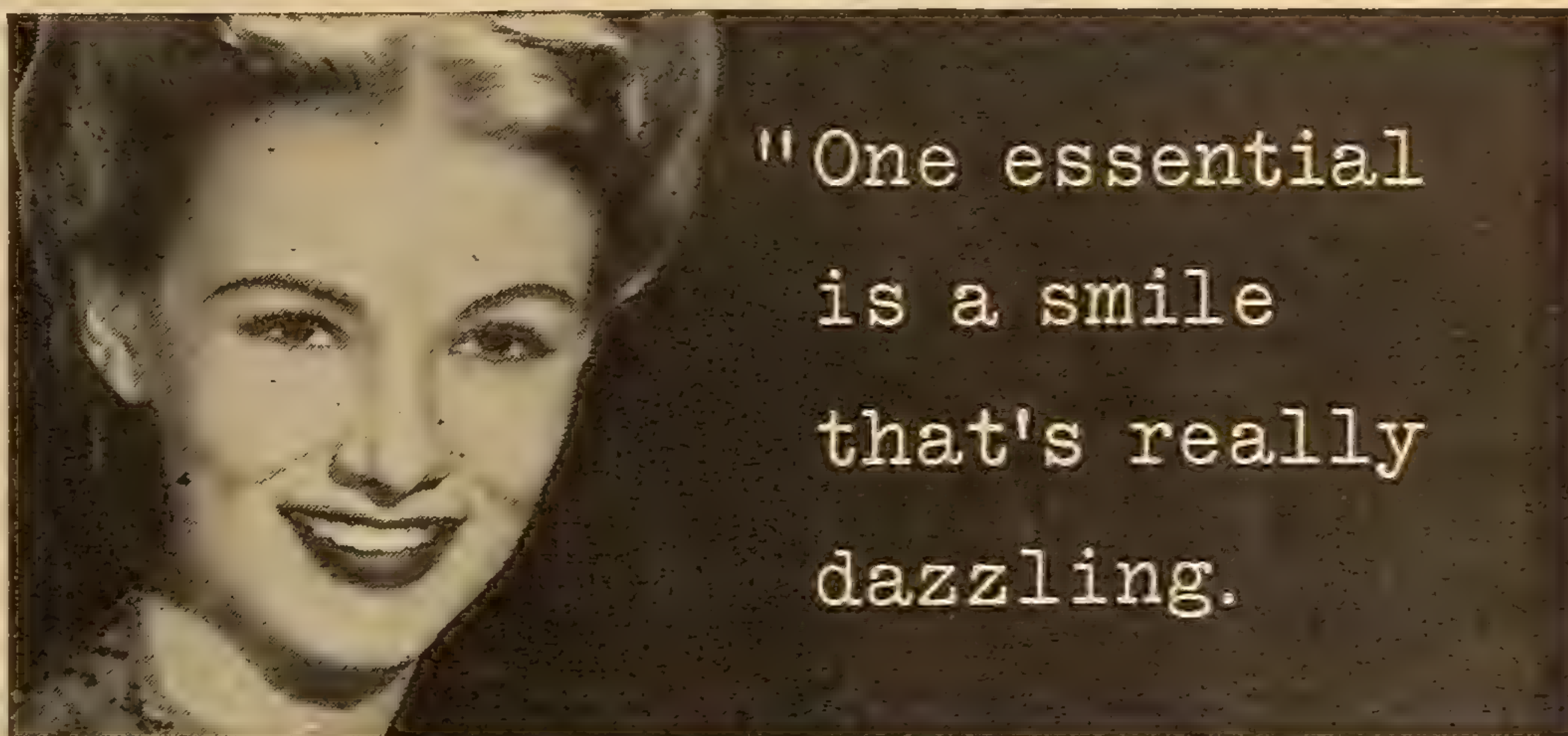
The fortitude of Russian volunteer nurses is given every test in this story, laid in the outskirts of Leningrad. The three girls mostly concerned are Anna Sten who plays commander of the group of twenty nurses, Mimi Forsythe, the volunteer who finds it hard to give up her good times, and Cathy Frye, the youngest but nonetheless capable. Kent Smith plays an American flyer, hospitalized after his plane has been brought down by enemy fire. He supplies an appealing romance with Anna Sten, which does much to lighten the tone of this picture.

VERONICA LAKE speaking:

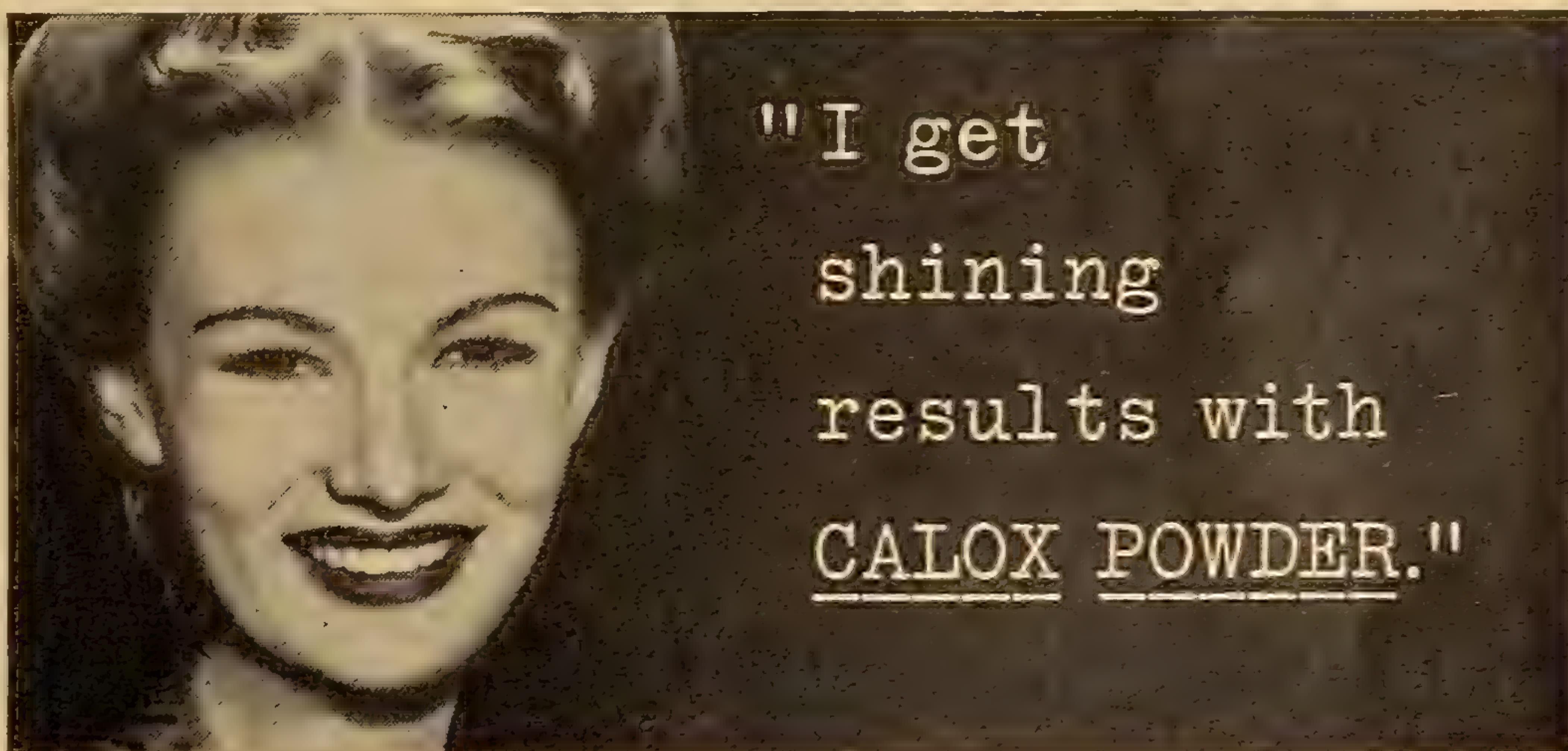
Star of "THE HOUR BEFORE THE DAWN," a Paramount Picture:



"Hollywood
has certainly
analyzed
charm....



"One essential
is a smile
that's really
dazzling.



"I get
shining
results with
CALOX POWDER."

A dentist's dentifrice—

Calox was created by a dentist for persons who want *utmost brilliance* consistent with *utmost gentleness*. Look for these *professional* features:

1. Scrupulous cleansing. Your teeth have a notably clean *feel* after using Calox.
2. Unexcelled efficiency. Calox gently cleans away surface stains, loosens mucin plaque.
3. Especially lustrous polishing.
4. No mouth-puckering, medicine taste. Contains no strong ingredients. Even children like the cool, clean flavor.
5. Made by McKesson & Robbins, Bridgeport, Conn.—a laboratory with over 100 years experience in making fine drugs.





Keep it clean,
keep it healthy,
and you'll find
unexpected ra-
diance there!

By
**Josephine
Felts**

Lucille Ball, Starring in
M-G-M's "Meet the Peo-
ple," wears smartest of
hats because her hair is
so beautifully coiffed. Her
upswept hairdo has long
back and short sides
brushed forward into soft
curls. Back is lacquered.



THERE'S BEAUTY HIDDEN IN YOUR HAIR



SOFT, shining, silky, sparkling . . . These are words most often used to describe the lustrous and luxuriant hair of the movie stars!

When your hair, too, answers this description, it makes a brilliant frame for your face. But when it's drab, dull and dingy, it robs you of a beauty that can, and should, be yours.

If by any chance you are one of these girls whose hair lights are hidden by defects, you really should take a few tips from the beauty-wise screen stars who have found out that even the most lifeless hair can be revitalized into loveliness.

They suggest that first you analyze your hair. Pull it to pieces to see what makes it lack natural beauty. You're bound to discover that the state of your

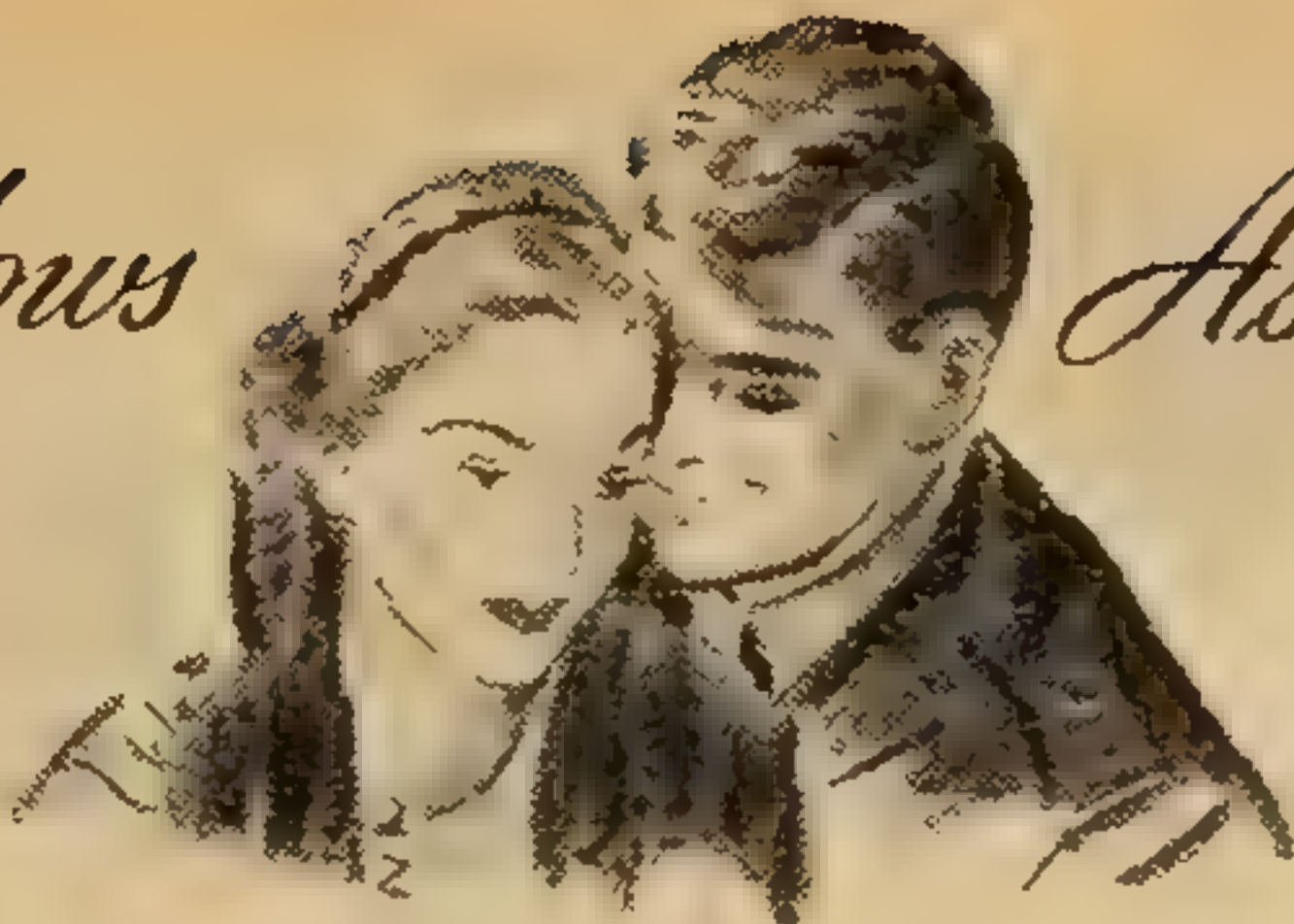
hair is very dependent on the condition of your scalp. Dry, brittle hair is quite obviously the result of a dry, flaky scalp. Oily, sticky hair usually indicates that the oil glands in your scalp are working overtime. And, of course, normal, healthy hair must come from a normal, healthy scalp. No matter which type of hair is yours, the stars and beauty experts all agree that it can only be made, and kept, beautiful by proper cleansing, lubricating and exercising.

If you're the lucky one whose hair radiates life and luster, then, the chances are that you have been treating it properly all along. Keep up the good work! But, if excess dryness or oiliness have come upon your head, then you should start today to give your hair the shampoos, treatments and brushings that will

bring it back to a normal condition!

How—and how often—you shampoo your hair depends on its type, on the job you do and on the place you live. For a city dweller with a normal scalp, a washing every ten days is in order. Every two weeks is sufficient if you live or work in a grime-free community. In almost any situation, every two weeks is often enough to wash dry hair. And, oily hair, if it's to be kept free of excess scalp secretions, needs a weekly bath.

It's hardly necessary to remind you that you must be fussy about *what* you use to wash your hair—and the way you use it! Never use a harsh soap which may irritate the scalp and rob it of its natural coating of oil. Only a liquid will thoroughly penetrate the hair and satu-
(Please turn to page 87)

Her lovely hair that gleams and glows  *Assures her beaux...where-e'er she goes!*

No other Shampoo leaves hair so lustrous, and yet so easy to manage!



LOOK DEVASTATING those precious hours you spend with "him." You will, even in the simplest dress, if you do right by your hair! Here's a glamorous new hair-do he'll adore . . . if your hair itself has the shining smoothness only Drene with Hair Conditioner can give.

Only Drene with Hair Conditioner reveals up to 33% more lustre than soap . . . yet leaves hair so easy to arrange, so alluringly smooth!

In the game of love, a girl's best trump card is lovely, shining hair. Yes, a man really falls for hair that sparkles with highlights, gleams with lustre!

So IF YOU want to be the "Queen of his heart," remember that! Never let soap or soap shampoos dull the radiant beauty of your hair.

Instead, use Drene Shampoo with Hair Conditioner! See the dramatic difference after your first shampoo . . . how gloriously it reveals all the lovely, sparkling highlights, all the natural color brilliance of your hair!

See, too, how the wonderful hair conditioner now in this new, improved Drene leaves hair far silkier, smoother and easier to handle . . . right after shampooing.

EASIER TO COMB into smooth, shining neatness! If you haven't tried Drene lately, you'll be amazed!

So for more alluring hair, insist on Drene with Hair Conditioner. Or ask your beauty shop to use it!

And remember . . . Drene gets rid of all flaky dandruff the very first time you use it.



Soap film dulls lustre—robs hair of glamour!

Avoid this beauty handicap! Switch to Drene Shampoo. It never leaves any dulling film, as all soaps and soap shampoos do.

That's why Drene reveals up to 33% more lustre!

Drene Shampoo
with
Hair Conditioner
Product of Procter & Gamble

"I'm sure most people would have thought him an
ugly man...but when his lips caressed my
hair...his fingers touched my throat...
I knew he was the most thrilling man a woman
ever loved!"

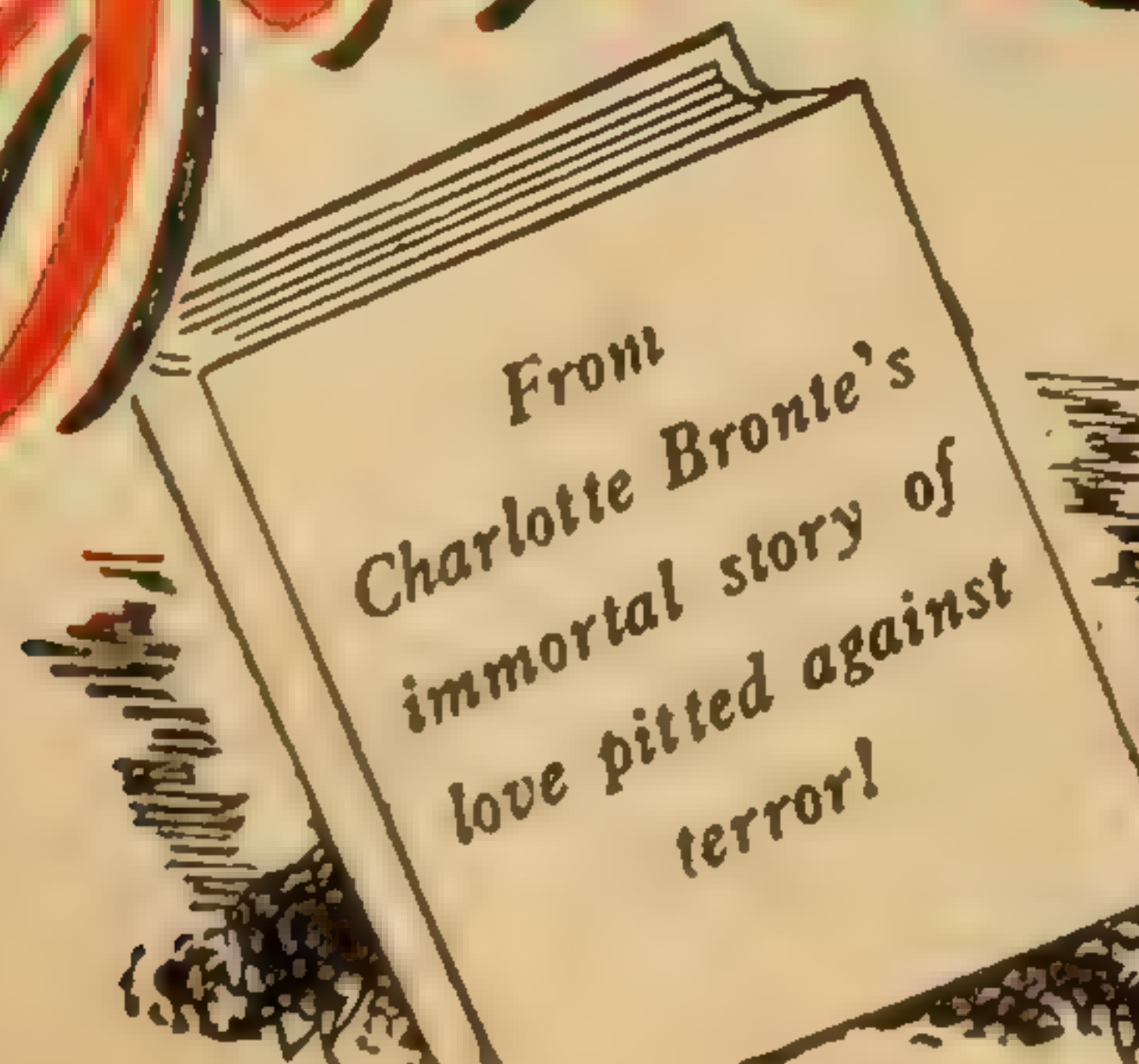
20th
CENTURY-FOX PRESENTS

ORSON WELLES
as "Edward Rochester"

JOAN FONTAINE
as "Jane"

Jane Eyre

by
Charlotte Brontë



with Margaret O'Brien
Peggy Ann Garner • John Sutton

Directed by ROBERT STEVENSON • Screen Play by
Aldous Huxley, Robert Stevenson and John Houseman



And watch for the other coming big
pictures from 20th Century-Fox
including

THE SULLIVANS

The story of the year about the
family of the year! — in the
picture of a lifetime!



The Editor's Page

An Open Letter to
You Folks Back Home
from *Delight Evans*



Photos: U. S. Army.
Army Signal Corps.

**Mom and Pop, Sis
and sweetheart—
just to let you
know that your
fighting boys are
still seeing their
American movies,
wherever they go**



Betty Grable, symbol of the girl they left behind, is among many stars whose movies are shown to American fighting men on many fronts. Men in hospitals, jungle tents enjoy the shows. These movies bring "home" closer to them.

FROM the boys overseas on the fighting fronts, the news is that a night isn't called Monday night, or Tuesday night—it's Deanna Durbin night, Judy Garland night, Bob Hope night, Mickey Rooney night, Kathryn Grayson night, and so on—into the night.

Because now they've got movies—new movies, which to them mean "as American as apple pie and coffee." So in

New Guinea they're "jungle happy," in Egypt they're "pyramid happy" and in Sicily and Italy they're "volcano happy." Because that's where their theaters are.

In the jungles the boys sit on benches of chopped-down cocoanut trees for seats, where the projector is under a canvas cover to protect it from the downpour of rain—the boys let it rain, they want to see what Dorothy Lamour is up to. When the moonlight brightens the pyramids, they sit outdoors while the 16mm film unwinds on the screen and Betty Grable makes them yell their lungs off. In Sicily they don't need elevated seats, they sit on the side of a sloping volcano and cheer their approval at Jimmy Cagney or Humphrey Bogart.

(Please turn to page 77)

The saga of Ginny: How she grew up to be the dream-girl of Uncle Sam's fighting men



ONE NIGHT at the Hollywood Canteen, over by the coffee and sandwich bar, a baby Marine was talking in guarded tones to a veteran of the Sicilian campaign. They couldn't have been more than eighteen and twenty-five respectively.

Said the Marine, "The way she hugs that mike makes you think she's hugging you!" And the soldier whispered back, "Yeah, she reminds me of three people: my mother, my kid sister, and the girl I'd like to be hitched up with."

In those words you have a pretty fair picture of Ginny Simms, and what makes her tick with the many who have voted her not only tops on the radio, but the girl with the biggest future in Hollywood. Symbol of the "girl back home" to countless thousands of fighting men on the battlefronts all over the world, and in the homeland posts, camps, naval and Marine bases, Ginny is also carving

1,000,000 Men and a Girl

By Michael Sheridan





What with movie and radio work, and entertaining at Army camps and the Hollywood Canteen, Sunday is the only day Ginny can call her own. Then she heads for her ranch, where she does the chores and calls it "relaxing." Exclusive photos, clockwise around page, show her at her Northridge farm in San Fernando Valley.

a solid and, it is to be hoped, quite permanent niche for herself in the movies.

For a long time she didn't believe that she might have any kind of a career in pictures. Her entire being was wrapped up in her radio work; her whole heart and soul was reserved to giving of her best in the weekly broadcast that, with its Crosley rating of 19.6, is listened to by 19,600,000 people each week. Movies, for Ginny Simms, was something very much on the side.

Now that whole picture is changing. In Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's Technicolor production of "Broadway Rhythm" a new Ginny Simms appears. No longer is she just a radio songstress against the background of a popular band, with a couple of lines to say, and about as much action as removing a pair of gloves. This time Ginny was awarded a healthy speaking part and allowed not only to sing but to act! Furthermore, instead of the producers saying shruggingly, "Oh, just wear anything, Ginny, you're only doing a couple of solos," the efforts and talents of the best dress designer, the

best hairdresser, and the best voice coach were put to work. And, as movie audiences throughout the country will soon be able to judge for themselves, a very worthwhile all-round decision it is, too.

Altogether, Lady Luck has been good to Ginny Simms. Her one rule in life: "Be kind," has brought its own just and deserved reward. The prologue to Ginny Simms' success story has lacked any bitter, hopeless sense of struggle, although there was one time, early in 1936, when life lost a lot of its kick. That was when her mother was desperately ill, and Ginny was torn between taking care of her and continuing with a protracted and tiring tour with a band to make financially possible the best medical care. "In those days I lived every minute of every hour of the day. Between singing in one town after another and waiting to hear about mother in the brief spells between rehearsing, hopping on or off trains, and searching frantically for the nearest telephone as soon as I stayed put long enough to use it, I died a thousand deaths. Nothing mattered very much then."

In those days, and when things like that happened, money was important to Ginny. But only then, not any more. Now Ginny Simms, with an annual income from radio, screen and phonograph

(Please turn to page 66)





ROSALIND said, "I can't do it!" I said, "I never heard you say 'can't' before about anything."

Rosalind said, "Perhaps not. It's a word I detest. But there are some things you see, from the day Lance was born, I've refused to give forth with what is known as a 'baby' story. That is, I've put thumbs down on being interviewed about what I felt when I first saw the baby, what Freddy said when he first saw the baby, etc."

"But why?"

"Because," young Mrs. Brisson said, with characteristic Russell emphasis, "because personally I can't imagine anything more ridiculous than a movie star presuming to hold forth about her achievement in reproducing the species! A presumption which would be calculated, I should think, to make other women, with four, five, and more children and no to-do or te-da about it, scream with justifiable resentment, 'Well, get her!'"

Rosalind's home, where I went to call upon Master Brisson, is a pleasantly spacious white Georgian house in Beverly Hills which his parents bought from funnywoman Mary Bolland. It is done entirely in cottons. With the exception of one or two rugs there is not a thread of silk or wool in the place. The drapes, lampshades, cushions, upholstery—all cotton. Rosalind, characteristically, brought the conservation-of-war-materials effort home with her.

And there I found Rosalind sitting on the floor in a soft green wool suit. Her dark hair was a shining mop, hanging loosely. Her infant son (the blond replica, in miniature, of his
(Please turn to page 62)

For the first time Rosalind talks for publication about her baby son, Lance Brisson, just six months old when photo at left was made. Below, from left to right: "Mom" presents "Pop" to Brian Aherne; scene with Willard Parker from latest Russell comedy for Columbia, "What A Woman;" autographing for soldiers.

"I'm Raising My Son For Tomorrow!"

Says Rosalind Russell

To Gladys Hall





Rosalind Russell

HOLLYWOOD'S *WAR* WITHIN A WAR

By Neil Rau

THE War Department received an odd request recently from a homesick corporal and two privates down in New Guinea. The three soldiers advised their superiors in Washington that their morale would be lifted by several notches if Ann Sheridan could be persuaded to stand before a microphone in Hollywood and fry an inch-thick sirloin steak so that they could listen to the tantalizing sizzle by short wave radio.

And what do you suppose happened? The request was duly referred to the Hollywood Victory Committee and machinery was put in motion to see that it was carried out. This sort of thing is mere routine to the men in Hollywood responsible for keeping the armed services happy. On a weekly air show called "Command Performance," which is broadcast exclusively to overseas bases, they have filled service men's requests for anything from Carole Landis heaving a deep sigh to Paul Robeson singing "I Am An American," to a baby's cry, to the sound of a bottle of cold Brooklyn beer being poured into a tall glass.

Through the Victory Committee Hollywood is fighting a war within a war—a battle against ennui, frustration and homesickness. Its weapons are music, song, comedy, drama or anything else that will lift a weary service man out of his routine for a while and give his spirit a figurative shot in the arm. This committee handles anything from requests such as those listed above to the involved procedure of sending stars like Gary Cooper and Bob Hope to the actual battlefronts. It functions with smoothness and precision and definite campaigns are mapped out, sometimes months in advance.

Upon the arrival of news in this country that a big star is touring a certain theater of war, the question is often asked as to how he got there. Who actually determines what player goes where?

In detail it works this way: through cooperation of studio casting directors and producers, and actors' agents, the Victory Committee lines up a player for a camp tour on a certain date. The player's name and date of availability are turned over to USO Camp Shows, which shares office space with the Victory Committee in Beverly Hills. By teletype the information is passed on to the main USO Camp Shows office in New York, whence it is submitted to (Please turn to page 88)



Of course you've known all along that your movie stars have been doing a grand morale-building job in the war effort. Now, read the complete story of their inspiring activities





Christmas "Command Performance" broadcast featured the brilliant cast shown above. At right, above, Cary Grant lets instructors in MRTC demonstrate first aid bandaging on him at Camp Robinson, Ark. (Photo by Lt. Lloyd Halt, Asst. Chief, Signal Section.) Pictures below, reading from right to left: Adolphe Menjou chats with men of the Headquarters Detachment at Fort Francis E. Warren, Wyo. (Photo by McEachara.) Fredric March autographs for boys overseas. Rosalind Russell helps on home front. (Photo by Signal Corps, Fort Sam Houston, Texas.) Corp. Herbert Galloupe meets his old friend, Bing Crosby, on the rifle range. (Photo by Corp. Wm. Peery, Ft. Warren, Wyo.)



From Apple Strudel to Cheese Cake

By Constance Palmer

THE FAMOUS legs were gilded to the thigh. The feet were bare, toe-nails painted blood-red. The magnificent bone structure of the well-publicized torso was also bare and the blonde hair gilded and lacquered into a high, firm pin-cushion effect above hollow cheeks and slanting eyes, hard as flint.

Marlene Dietrich has done it again! Stars may rise and stars may fall, but the Dietrich can always be depended on to carry it off. Gloria Swanson and Pola Negri in their salad-days couldn't hold a candle to her when it comes to wearing the costumes studio designers dream up.

In "The Garden Of Allah" she floated in Technicolor over an extremely sandy desert brushed by a well-controlled and becoming breeze, wearing pastel chiffons so delicate that they looked as substantial as fondant candy in a hot sun.

In "Destry Rides Again," she was a way-out-West dance-hall girl, complete with spangles, feather boas, silks, satins, velvets and birds of Paradise that would have taxed the financial resources of Mrs. Astorbilt herself.

Now, in "Kismet" at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, she's undressed to the teeth. She does a sensuous Oriental dance to the blaring tones of the set recorder and succeeds in creating an atmosphere of provocative mystery that would do credit to a perpetrator of the Indian rope-trick.

First they did her up in tiny gold chains, but there were so many spectators around hoping the chains would break—which they did—that they changed the conception to voluminous folds of black chiffon through which the gilded legs shine satisfactorily.

But the Marlene Dietrich of the set is not the Dietrich of the Hollywood Canteen, the Government hospitals for wounded servicemen, the weekly broadcast in six different languages to countries under the Axis heel. The Marlene of the gilt, the chiffon, the small golden breastplates—the Marlene whose knitting-needles click with

That many-faceted personality, Marlene Dietrich, does it again! Glittering new role of siren in "Kismet" leaves her little time for her old cooking hobby, remember?

All that glitters definitely is gold in Dietrich's case. Gilded makeup for the Queen of the Dancers in "Kismet" takes four hours to apply. Pictures here give you an idea of her alluring new rôle in the M-G-M film.



furious efficiency between shots as she manufactures wristlets and scarfs, sweaters and mittens for soldiers and sailors and marines—is an entirely different woman.

Time was when she spent many hours being a good cook. Her coffee cake, her apple strudel melted in the mouth, as many a fellow-worker on the set and personal friend in the European contingent can bear witness. But now it's different.

This is the day of big things, organizations, War Bond tours, important public appearances and small, private, unheralded effort. Every minute of the day must be budgeted and cared for as precious as a jewel. There is time for work; time for rehearsal; time for speeches; time for traveling from Canteen to hospital to air-port. There is no time for play.

"Every woman's life is so full now," she told me on the "Kismet" set, "that it seems only by forgetting oneself can one accomplish a small half of all the duties there are to be done."

She picked up her ever-present knitting and her strong fingers flew. The cold steel needles, moving so swiftly, fashioning the wool into something for a soldier to wear and perhaps die in, made strange contrast against the gold thighs, the chiffon, the sequins, the bracelets and bangles. I asked her if she thought glamor still had a place in this war-torn world—if it was necessary to the morale of both fighting man and civilian.

She most definitely thought it had not. "What I think we need here is more work on the part of everybody. Compared to the people of Europe and China we've been lucky—so far. And the small amount of rationing we've had isn't even worth talking about."

She rose at the director's call, carefully laid down the sweater she was working on and went back into the scene.

She gets to the studio at seven every morning, as it takes four hours to prepare her for the set and almost as long at night to restore her to a reasonable fac-simile of normal. Wood-alcohol is used to take the gilt from her legs and she wonders wryly if their present greenish tinge of an evening will be permanent.

The recorder blared raucous sounds you won't hear when you see the picture; Marlene hid behind a pillar at the top of a short rise of steps; technicians fussed with this, fiddled with that.

Finally the clack of the marker and Marlene stuck her toe out from behind the pillar and the dance was on. She swayed sinuously down the steps, and waved her arms gracefully. The scene was completed without a hitch. She came back and sat down.

"American women," she went on, touching the black chiffon that cascaded in lovely folds from her marvelously-wrought and lacquered coiffure, "have thought too much in the past about making themselves beautiful. They have the reputation of being the best-groomed women in the world. More and more magazines are published teaching them taste about dressing, methods of beautifying the body.

"Motion pictures have helped. The habit of beauty is so deep-seated now that scarcities and the demands of the war-effort are possibly upsetting to the woman accustomed to having plenty of time to work out her own glamorizing routine. But with all there is to be done, they should not forget the importance of keeping themselves healthy. And the best way for them to retain beauty is for them to use the simplest means to present an attractive appearance."

She believes that meat and butter shortages will work wonders for our complexions because we are eating, perforce, more fruit and vegetables. Happy and good thoughts bring beauty to an otherwise plain face, so—to the girl whose features are not too perfect—she says, "Don't worry. Don't brood over fancied slights. Think with all your might that things are good—and they *will* be good!"

She is all for hard work during the day because she says it makes us go to bed early enough to get a full night's sleep, which makes naturally for bright eyes and an alert brain.

When I asked her what her advice was about the buying of finery and embellishments during war-time, her reply was oblique—like her eyebrows.

"There is an ancient saying that is very wise." She smiled a little. "It goes 'I went to the market today and admired so many beautiful things I couldn't use.' Isn't that wonderful? It's so good to remember. For instance, before rationing we thought nothing of buying three or four pairs of shoes at a time. It was so much easier to pick out the season's supply all at once. Now we know that one sturdy, comfortable, well-fitted pair, of good leather and workmanship, will have to do until the next shoe-stamp is good.

"Now it's doubly necessary to shop wisely. Some women seem to make a life's work of shopping. They shop by the hour, six days a week. They wander up and down the aisles of every department store, from floor to floor, fingering, pricing, picking up, laying down articles they can't possibly need or use. They'll buy anything—just for the satisfaction of being able to choose, pay for and say, 'It's mine!' Better—much better to spend the time at the Red Cross or Canteen or U.S.O. where you can be of service to your fellow man who's perhaps giving his life for you."

It used to be a studio legend that she almost never arrived empty-handed for work. Sometimes it was a batch of cookies she'd baked for the crew, or a cake for the birthday of somebody's little girl, or a wad of bills in an envelope to help an electrician with a sick wife. Now her generosity is taking on bigger scope. While, in the past, she's given away fortunes to the needy, today her largess goes to the starving children in stricken lands.

Because she knew hunger in her native Germany after the end of the first World War, she intends—when this war is over—to go back to Europe, not as an actress, but as a simple woman, working among those starving and tragic little ones to bring back into their lives what measure of happiness and comfort she can.



They're no weak sisters, these DeLong Bob Pins. Stronger, durable spring... they last and last.

Stronger Grip



If the Store is out of DeLong Bob Pins today, try again next time you're in. Shipments are received regularly but quantities are still restricted.



Quality Manufacturers for Over 50 Years

- | | | |
|----------------|------------------|-----------|
| BOB PINS | HAIR PINS | HAIR NETS |
| SAFETY PINS | STRAIGHT PINS | |
| HOOKS & EYES | HOOK & EYE TAPES | |
| SNAP FASTENERS | | |
| SANITARY BELTS | D-N DELNAPS | |

Playing the rôle of Katharine Hepburn's husband in M-G-M's "Dragon Seed" is Turhan Bey's big chance.



THE TRUTH ABOUT TURHAN BEY

TO HEAR Turhan Bey tell it, he is "nothing but a normal somebody who thinks it's fun to sit and read or to putter around a bit on a farm."

Whom is Turhan Bey trying to kid?

Mr. Bey is as normal as an aquatic owl, an 8-day week, and a Sahara snowstorm. In the extremely remote possibility that Mr. Bey does not know what he really is, his fans do. For their money, he is the hottest screen sensation since Rudolph Valentino, with more good looks than Robert Taylor, more dash than Errol Flynn, more vitamins than Victor Mature, and more sex appeal than Clark Gable.

Females in such a frame of mind are not given to suffering in silence. If Mr. Bey's admirers are typical, what they are driven to doing is putting pen to paper and expressing themselves on the subject, lyrically, warmly, and vociferously. For which Mr. Bey should render eternal thanks. Up until the moment that he began disturbing the sleep of a sizable portion of the democracy's womenfolk, he was just one of the boys, knocking down \$150 a week from Universal for playing a handsome no-good who got his come-uppance in reel-8 by being shoved into a boiling cauldron or thrown to the crocodiles.

For a picture or two the womenfolk
(Please turn to page 74)

Universal "discovered" young Bey, cast him as a handsome no-good until femme fans started swooning over him. Facing page color closeup shows him in U's "Ali Babi and the Forty Thieves." At right, scene with Evelyn Ankers from his first romantic rôle in "The Mad Ghoul."

"The Terrific Turk" — just who is he, anyway? Here's the first real story about Hollywood's sensational new menace

By John R. Franchey



Turhan Bey





Peg says no glamor for her. But the cameraman persuaded her to try it, and here's the result. Not bad.

Exclusive photos show Peggy Ryan with the "Great Man" in her life, her fiancé, Technical Sergeant Ray Hirsch, of the Marines. Ray, former national jitterbug champion, has fun on furlough with lively Peg, who has just finished rôles in "This Is The Life" and "Patrick The Great" co-starring Donald O'Connor.



PEGGY RYAN'S

I TELL you, this Peg is hep! Why doesn't she get the killer? Dunk those icky leading women."

These are real quotes from one of thousands of letters which have poured into Universal Studio now that snub-nosed, pert Peggy Ryan has made nine pictures with volatile Donald O'Connor.

So, in the tenth, "Patrick The Great," public demand is satisfied. Peggy (the hep) gets Donald (the killer) and the icky young leading women are tossed into the discard, just as Peggy

used to be. She has her fans to thank for the opportunity.

Peggy loses out to an "icky" for the last time in "This Is The Life." Now she'll come into her own on the screen just as she has in real life. It has been a long, uphill pull.

"I am not, and never have been, glamorous," Peggy says. "I am a slacks and sweater girl, who likes to be herself."

Margaret O'Rene Ryan is a native of Long Beach, California. She was raised in San Diego. Through a sheer desire to go places—"I like to be recognized and have people ask me for my autograph," she frankly admits—she is now a pattern followed by many of the kids of the nation.



Presenting that pert hep-cat, cute Peg Ryan: her life and good times, and her "Great Man" (not O'Connor!)

Romance

By Barbara Flanley

As Peg explains herself and her life she slides up and down in her chair. She fiddles with a cross at her throat given her by her Great Man, about whom more later. She fingers a piece of paper. And her patter is so fast that the interviewer puffingly brings up the mental rear, about six blocks behind.

Peggy Ryan does strange things to you. Half an hour of her tremendous vitality and you feel as if you are getting old, or had better get some vitamins, or something. You are breathless. A sample of the way Peggy unreels:

"So I met this character, O'Connor, in New York in 1941. He'd push me around. He started dating me so he could go

out with my current chum, Sue Robin, and then gate me. He'd give me a dime and tell me to go to the Automat. I'd end up on the second string with an octopus named Larry Daniels, who was right, and in my corner. I never thought some day I'd be working with this O'Connor but here I am, stuck with the smack."

Putting this into the kind of English they teach in school, it means that O'Connor always made up a foursome with Larry Daniels, asking Peggy to go (Please turn to page 80).

By
Liza



PRIVATE LIFE OF A ZANY: ★ ★ ★ ★ JACK CARSON

THEY told me that Jack Carson was Hollywood's number one zany. When I learned that I was to have lunch with him at the Vine Street Brown Derby I prepared for the worst. Double aspirin. I fully expected that he would indulge in snappy patter with the waitress, leap from table to table to exchange banalities with comedians he had just left two minutes ago at the broadcasting station, slap columnists on the back with a brash where-have-you-been-you-old-so-and-so, and wow me with personality, vitality, and a Mrs. Roosevelt joke. I would indeed be lucky if I were spared what the first moron said to the second moron.

Well, somebody's wrong somewhere. Jack Carson turned

out to be a quiet, friendly sort of a guy, considerably on the shy side. "I used to drop my eyes if anyone looked at me," he explained later. He thinks that all people are basically nice (him I got to talk to!) and that life has done very handsomely by him. If only his Crosley would go up. He's a very good looking guy, too, if you don't insist on Dennis Morgan curls and Charles Boyer bedroom eyes. And I don't insist. He worries a lot about his friends, wonders why they complicate their lives so terribly when everything would be so easy and simple if they'd use the old bean. Not smug. Not Jack. Just deeply interested. If I ever become *Liza Elton* and need a psychiatrist I shall go to Jack, save twenty



bucks a throw, and get better results, I'm certain.

Jack and his pretty wife (she used to be Kay St. Germain, singer on his radio program) and his small son have recently moved into a new home out in the Valley. Ever since he and Kay married in 1940 they have been looking for the perfect home, and they think they have at last found it. "We wanted a house," said Jack, "with not too many rooms, but at the same time a big house. I'm a big lummoX around the house and I need plenty of room." There isn't a guest room. "We Carsons are hospitable folk," he added with a grin, "but we just don't like to have people spend the night with us—we'd rather pay their bills at a hotel." You probably know exactly how he feels.

"There's no furniture to be had," Jack continued, "so we decided rather than take second best we'd wait until we could get what we want. We've furnished the den with patio rugs and all kinds of garden stuff from our former house, and we live there for the most part. One room is completely bare except for a davenport. And the living room has nothing in it except a piano and several pictures leaning against the walls. And you should see the walls! They're painted strawberry red and they give our guests quite a jolt when they wander in on them unexpectedly. We're going to paper them later. In the meantime, strawberry red."

Jack's two-and-a-half-year-old son gets a better break. The nursery is complete. When I asked Jack his son's name he said, "Jack Jr., of course. What else, with an egomaniac for a [Please turn to page 78]

Current shortages present no problems to genial Jack. Exclusive photos show him at home: above, in bare living room, and making the best of it; basking in comfort in one completely furnished room, at piano with Mrs. Carson. Facing page, with Jack, Jr., "Jackaboy."

A zany on the screen, maybe. But when you meet him Jack Carson turns out to be a swell, substantial citizen — and all set for stardom, too

Photos by Floyd McCarty, Warner Bros.



By
Elizabeth B.
Petersen



Left, the Jack Benny troupe, including Anna Lee, with the Army plane loaned to them for their entertainment tour. Above, Anna powders up. Right, somewhere in East Africa—note parachute.



A NNA LEE, just arrived in New York after her four months' USO tour of the Mediterranean and North African war theaters, didn't even look at the luncheon menu the waiter placed before her. She knew what she wanted, a big glass of milk and eggs, eggs made in any style at all. They were the things you dreamed of after not tasting them for four months, she explained. Not steaks, not turkey or desserts and candy. Just eggs and milk. It surprised her, she said, that those should be the things she had longed for. She hadn't even known she was especially fond of them before, just taking them as an essential part of her daily diet.

"One thing this trip has taught me," she said, "is that I'll never take anything for granted again. Beds or sheets or bathtubs or faucets that run water. You can't accept things like that casually after you've once known what it's like to go without them, after you've spent months sleeping in pup tents and barracks and the baggage compartment of cargo planes. I've slept in all of them and I've slept better than I ever have in my life. I've slept in dingy little hotels alive with bedbugs too, and I've slept in a Baron's castle in Sicily. There were so many rooms that you couldn't even begin to count them and there were priceless tapestries in every room and gold leaf worth a fortune on the walls but there was only one bathroom and it didn't have running water. It has given me a marvelous new perspective knowing I'd rather have one durable water faucet than all the elegance in the world!

Anna Lee was still dressed in the regulation G.I. outfit a Quartermaster had issued her when all her clothes were stolen in Algiers, a size fourteen shirt and the smallest pair of regulation pants he could find. A native tailor had shortened the trousers and taken in a seam here and there but the shirt drooped a bit over her shoulder line. But to make up for that was the dog tag with her own serial number engraved on it.

"I hate to give up this uniform," she said. "It's going to be hard to go back to civilian life again and I want to go overseas again just as soon as I get permission. Next time I'd like to go to the South Pacific, and to India and China."

She opened the musette bag slung across her shoulders, that and a bombardier case was the only luggage she had, and took out the long ribbon of short snorter bills signed by practically every military celebrity in the war (Please turn to page 83)

Left, Anna Lee on her return to New York, wearing uniform of the Seventh Army worn during her second visit to Sicily. She had informal "orders" cut by command of General Patton and was given an unofficial Army "serial number": MB-384751 (MB for morale-builder). At right, facing page, highlights of Miss Lee's trip. Picture at bottom of page shows her sound asleep curled up in baggage compartment of plane.



ANNA LEE'S OVERSEAS ADVENTURES

The "G-I Girl"
comes home and
tells us her
thrilling story





Look who's been
picked as the ideal
Pin-Up Boy! But there
are some potent rea-
sons for Donlevy's
selection. Read 'em!

BRIAN DONLEVY,
Pin-Up Man

By
Barry
Farrar



Group of gals at M-G-M pin up Mr. Donlevy's pictures. Right, above, autographs by request. See the special "Petty Girl" in photo at right, presented to Brian by his friend the artist, George Petty. Lower right, scene from latest Donlevy film, "America," with Ann Richards opposite. Bottom of page, away from it all in his truck, to look over his hobby, tungsten mine.

YOU would know it, now wouldn't you—that sooner or later some group of girls in the armed services would select an ideal pin-up boy. But did you guess it would be the lady Marines, or that their choice would be Brian Donlevy?

Well, there are some pretty potent reasons why Brian would be the choice of the feminine Marines, if they are anything like their square-shooting brothers-in-arms. As a handy starter, let's paraphrase the old adage and say that he's all man and practically a yard wide—a fittin' subject for any gal, Marine or otherwise.

But since the deed has been done with official gestures and all that, let's size up the situation and see what makes a genuine pin-up boy tick. By way of being exact, however, Brian came by his new title at the hands of Company 3211, of the First group of Women Marines Auxiliary, who are enrolled at the U. S. Naval Training Station at Hunter's College in New York.

And just to show you how fitting these lady Marines are in the matter of choosing an ideal male, let it be known that Brian is by no means coy about being a pin-up boy. He has always been known as a man's man, and the new label just naturally threw him in line for some kidding from such friends as Lloyd Nolan, Fred MacMurray and their likes. But Brian is proud of the honor, even though a little bashful, and he goes on record as affirming, "If I'm going to be a pin-up guy, I'm glad to be a pin-upper in the Marines." In fine, others might kid about it but Brian thinks it's swell, which goes to show—as we started out to prove—that the lady Marines know their business when it comes to picking out the right man. (Please turn to page 70)



LIFE is never dull around Tallulah Bankhead. Besides being one of the most colorful and exciting people in the world in which we live, she is also one of the most entertaining. Tallulah simply has to express herself dramatically or burst. She was born entertaining, and she nearly died entertaining. That was three years ago when she was giving the one bright spot to Clifford Odets' grim "Clash by Night." The play was being tried out in Philadelphia, and despite a heavy cold and a rising temperature, Tallulah was tramping away without a murmur. She collapsed after a performance one night with an advanced case of pneumonia, was rushed to the nearest hospital, and put under an oxygen tent while the doctors fought for her life. For weeks she lay flat on her back—no visitors permitted—with nothing to do but think. "Well, now," said her friends, "after this brush with death she'll have sense enough to take care of her health for a change." At last she was dismissed. Walking shakily down the stone steps to the waiting cab, she turned to the hospital and addressed it at large. "Don't think," she said, "it taught me a thing!"

There is no doubt but what her incessant flood of words, and never a dull one among them, was inherited. Her father, the late William B. Bankhead, who died four years ago, was Speaker of the House of Representatives, the first Alabamian to hold that office and the first Speaker ever chosen unanimously. Her grandfather, John H. Bankhead, was a United

States Senator, famous as "the father of Federal Good Roads." The Bankhead Highway was named after him. The present Senator John H. Bankhead is her uncle. It was her Aunt Marie—Marie Bankhead Owens, for the past twenty years State Historian of Alabama—who made the imperishable commentary on the family propensity for talking. "Aunt Marie," says Tallulah appreciably, "came out of an automobile accident with a torn knee cap and a tongue cut so badly she was unable to say a word. The doctor started bandaging her leg. Aunt Marie signalled frantically for a pencil and piece of paper. She hastily wrote, 'To hell with my knee, but a Bankhead without a tongue is no good to the State of Alabama.'"

Tallulah has been called many things, some lyrical, some acidulous. Condé Nast once prettily called her "a legend in her own lifetime." The New York critics recently called her the best actress of 1942, and gave her the Critics' Award for her performance of *Sabina* in "Skin of Our Teeth." What Lillian Hellman called her is not for print. But no one, even those bitter individuals who have had their inflated egos punctured by the rapier-sharp Bankhead wit, have ever called her a bore. She speaks brilliantly, and always entertainingly, on assorted subjects that range anywhere from baseball to post-war plans, from Joe Louis to Degas. One of Hollywood's most cynical writers recently pronounced her "the most fascinating female I have ever met." He had —(Please turn to page 68)



The fabulous Tallulah

Candid closeup of the inimitable Miss Bankhead by the one writer who knows her best



Tallulah Bankhead returns to the screen as star of Alfred Hitchcock's "Lifeboat." Above, with John Hodiak; below, surrounded by other members of the cast, and studio crew.



By Elizabeth Wilson

Lana Turner, Your Valentine Girl!



In honor of St. Valentine's Day, lovely Lana celebrates her movie come-back by posing for this heart-interest picture. Her first film since the arrival of little Cheryl Christine Crane is M-G-M's "Marriage Is A Private Affair," in which the beguiling star is seen at her best.

low, part of the crew listens for the "tick-k" before a depth bomb explodes. Center, b Hutton brings a boyish charm to his rôle "The Kid." Pictured at bottom of page is me Clark ("Tin Can") in a tense scene from a picture. You'll be seeing these boys again!



Warner Brothers' new saga of the submarine service, "Destination Tokyo," has suspense, drama, frolicsome fun as well as arresting new personalities

SCREENLAND HONOR PAGE





PHOTO PREVIEWS



First flashes of important productions now in work in Hollywood studios

Circle, closeup of Robert Walker and Donna Reed in "See Here, Private Hargrove." Yep, *Hargrove* gets a girl, in the movies! Adaptation of best-selling book is first starring rôle for young Walker. At left, Dame May Whitty and Roddy McDowall in "The White Cliffs," story of wartime England which also stars Irene Dunne and Alan Marshal. Below, gay song and dance number from "Meet The People" features Virginia O'Brien, Dick Powell, and Lucille Ball.



OF THE NEW FILMS



Circle, tense moment from "A Guy Named Joe," with Irene Dunne, Spencer Tracy, and Van Johnson. Tracy has rôle of a pilot who loses his life only to find that his real job begins after death. Here, he finds himself listening to the young flier under his care making love to the girl he loved when on earth. Right, Gloria De Haven and Kenny Bowers, cute newcomers in "Broadway Rhythm." Below, Red Skelton gets "framed," while Esther Williams laughs, for an hilarious scene in "Mr. Co-Ed."





Above, demure sweater girl Jeanne Crain, who blossoms forth as a fine little actress opposite Lon McAllister in "Home In Indiana." At left, another camera study of curvaceous June Haver.



Meet the most dazzling of
the new beauties, intro-
duced in current pictures

Gale Robbins, below, is seen in "I Married A Soldier."
June Haver, left, in "Home In Indiana." Both are
budding starlets presented by 20th Century-Fox.



"SOMETHING FOR THE BOYS"

With a bow to producer
Michael Todd, whose Broad-
way musical comedy hit of
the same name will become a
20th Century-Fox musical.

Ladies, look out for these new men! Latest contenders for laurels left by the Jimmy Stewarts, Clark Gables, Ty Powers and Hank Fondas for duration

Lon McAllister, at seventeen, scored a sensational success in "Stage Door Canteen." Now he is starring for 20th Century-Fox in "Home In Indiana," with Jeanne Crain, pictured with him below. Dick Haymes, at lower left, appears in "Four Jills And A Jeep." He can sing!



**SOMETHING
FOR THE
GIRLS!**



The rugged type, John Hodiak, above, will be seen in "Lifeboat," with Tallulah Bankhead. William Eythe, right above, has the rôle of the soldier, opposite Anne Baxter, in "The Eve Of St. Mark." At right, closeup of another newcomer, John Harvey, who appears opposite Betty Grable in "Pin-Up Girl," with Carole Landis, below, in "Four Jills And A Jeep."



Nelson Eddy Has a Holiday!

In fact, it's "Knickerbocker Holiday" for dignified Mr. Eddy—a rollicking role, a lovely new heroine, Constance Dowling



Adapted from Maxwell Anderson's stage comedy-with-music, "Knickerbocker Holiday" presents Eddy as a liberal-newspaper publisher of old New Amsterdam, Charles Coburn as peg-legged Governor Stuyvesant, and newcomer Constance Dowling as the lady they love. Eddy, left, clowns for her.





Claudette Colbert, always a lucky star for leading men, captures Joe Cotten's attention for closeup, above.

Man-in-Demand!

Try to catch up with Joe Cotten! Most sought-after leading man in Hollywood, cameraman tracks him down on the set of "Since You Went Away"

Remember when Joseph Cotten was considered a character actor, merely another member of the Orson Welles Mercury Players? Well, look at him now! Below, with two pretty players, Rhonda Fleming and Vicki Styles, on David O. Selznick set.



Jennifer Jones, who plays Claudette's daughter in "Since You Went Away," chats with Joe between scenes





Photos of Lupino and
Henreid in "In Our
Time" by Bert Six,
Warner Bros.



Other moods of the versatile Lupino are portrayed here, in candid camera shots made when the star was caught off-guard between scenes at the studio. She charms director Sherman at right, above; snatches a quick smoke at left, below. Who would ever guess that her real thoughts are always with her husband, Capt. Louis Hayward, who is seeing plenty of action with Marine Corps.



The Allure of Lupino

Ida Lupino and Paul Henreid play love scenes in Warner Bros.' new romantic drama, "In Our Time," which are said to scorch the screen! Here are samples of the Henreid technique, and Lupino's response. Whew!

What is it about the elfin Ida that attracts romance, admiration, audience applause? There may be better actresses or more beautiful stars, but it's Ida, the original, who holds your interest

Ann Miller does
some seductive
torso-tossing in
"Hey, Rookie!"



LET'S *Dance!*

"Cover Girl" dance photos by Ned Scott





Photos by Crail

Movie audiences are crying for more musicals, so — bring on the dancing girls!



Most original song and dance routine in current comedies is "Make Way For Tomorrow," a feature number in Columbia's "Cover Girl." Rita Hayworth, teamed with Gene Kelly and Phil Silvers, abandons stellar dignity, lets joy be unrefined as she hoofs along a waterfront set with playboy friends, finally meeting up with the milkman on his early morning deliveries. Top right, Rita and Gene pose for love scenes later, which round out the formula for good entertainment.



Fun clothes for a popular gal (reading from right): sporty slack suit, combining brick-red rayon gabardine with bold plaid of red and beige; resort dress of chartreuse rayon linen with sleeveless bodice of white printed in purple, yellow, blue and black; beige cocktail dress embroidered in black sequins with cap to match; and (far right) sun suit of royal purple rayon linen with bodice printed in white, red, yellow and black.

The Spring prints are something to shout about! At left, dinner dress with floral pattern in red, chartreuse and grey on black. Below, long-sleeved, high-necked dinner dress in pink and black print. Trudy Marshall finds extra fashion interest in her pink velvet bandeau. Miss Marshall will soon be seen in "The Sullivans," a screen story immortalizing the five heroic brothers lost on the Juneau.





New season, new starlet, new clothes! Trudy Marshall of the forthcoming feature, "The Sullivans," models play and resort costumes



Spring Fever Fashions



Here's Hollywood

GOSSIP BY *Weston East*
CANDIDS BY *Jean Duval*

MMARGUERITE CHAPMAN never leaves her house without leaving word where she can be reached at any hour of the day or night. The reason? So the boy friend, Bill Lundigan, can call her if the Marines happen to give him five minutes to himself.

BELIEVE it or not, Betty Hutton, who has never been accused of being a shrinking violet, can't play competitive games. When she goes to a Hollywood party and they play charades or the "acting game," Betty just retires into a corner and watches. Says she is self-conscious unless it's part of her job.

WONDER what will happen next time Olivia De Havilland and Randy Scott meet face to face? Randy

was practically set for the Sonny Tufts part in "Government Girl," when Olivia intervened. She didn't think Randy was right for it and said as much.

AFLOOR show isn't necessary when George Raft takes Ava Gardner out to the night spots. Their dancing leaves nothing to the imagination and there are some pretty good imaginations in Hollywood. That Georgie really tosses a mean hip!

WHEN Fred Astaire made "Broadway Melody" for M-G-M, he declared he would never work for that studio again. So-o-o-o, his new and exclusive deal with that studio has just been signed! They're really laying out the red carpet for Fred and well they

should. His pictures are terrific money-makers. His first dancing partner will be Judy Garland—and is she thrilled!

NOW they'll have you believe the Jennifer Jones-Robert Walker separation is a publicity stunt! We'd hate to believe that two people as nice as Jennifer and Bob appear to be, would subscribe to any such tactics. Well, the gossips have to talk about *something*, don't they?

ERROL FLYNN'S overseas letters to his Hollywood pals are making the rounds. According to Errol, he can't tell where he is—but he shot a polar bear and the great national past time is rubbing noses! Errol's cracks at himself went over big with the soldier boys.



Twinkling from stars, center opposite, are solid sender Betty Hutton and funnyman Jerry Colonna and Bob Hope in scenes from Command Performance show. Top row, reading from left to right: Mickey Rooney takes glamor kitten Gloria DeHaven to Grauman's Chinese for premiere of "Guadalcanal Diary;" altar-wise went Lt. Rudy Vallee with the former Bettyjane Greer; Sid Luft and Lynn Bari cut the cake after their wedding ceremony; Dennis Morgan and Jack Carson help entertain the boys at Hollywood Canteen; stars of "China," Alan Ladd, again in mufti, and Loretta Young repeat their performances in a CBS broadcast.

When he told them he liked their cold climate because it was getting pretty hot for him in Hollywood, they loved it!

JUST when everyone at M-G-M was pleased as punch that Lana Turner was back again, she started talking about having a second baby. No, she isn't expecting one—that is, not yet. But she'd like one very much, thank you.

WHEN the Brenda Marshall-Lieut. Bill Holden son was born recently, Brenda requested her friends not to send her flowers. Instead, she asked for a carton of cigarettes. Being that the Holdens are mighty popular, Brenda collected enough cigarettes to present to the boys in a hospital, who had recently been overseas.

WHEN Sonny Tufts was having such a hard time finding a house to live in, he was interviewed by a prospective landlord. "Do you have any children, dogs, cats or canaries?" inquired the landlord threateningly. "No, but I have a



Center above, Anne Baxter enjoys an evening with Peter Lawford at the Palladium. It was a gay time for Ann Sothern, above, when her Lieutenant husband, Robert Sterling, took her to the Mocambo. Left, Mr. and Mrs. Ray Milland also were seen at the popular rendezvous.





Above, left to right: Betty Hutton and Bob Hope clown during rehearsal of Command Performance show; Laird Cregar carves the holiday turkey at Hollywood Canteen; Lieut. John Carroll chats with Ginny Simms at the Mocambo; Joan Leslie serves autographs with dessert at Hollywood Canteen. Below, left to right: William Bendix is also touched for autographs at Hollywood Canteen; George Burns, Dennis Day, Dorothy Lamour, Gracie Allen and Fred MacMurray lend their varied talents to the Mail Call Performance; Joan Bennett, Edmund Lowe and Lady Furness attend the opening of Naval Aid's new auxiliary shelter which has a sleeping capacity for 600 servicemen.



fountain pen that scratches a little," cracked Sonny as he slammed the door.

BETTE DAVIS was just too lonely in her house that holds so many memories. Now her mother, sister, and little niece Faye are living with her. The sound of childish laughter is doing a great deal to help Bette forget her sorrow.

LUCKY break for Barbara Britton! Maureen O'Hara bowed out of "Till We Meet Again" when she discovered she was going to have a baby. So Barbara is co-starring with Ray Milland. Come to think of it, Ray was also lucky for Deanna Durbin, Dorothy Lamour and Gail Russell—appearing opposite

them in their very first pictures. He must feel like Major Bowes!

IT'S SO typical of Hollywood. Discouraged with poor parts, Faye Emerson decided to quit the movies cold. So what happened? She showed she didn't care and the breaks began to get better and better. Then along came Vaughn Paul and started dating her several nights a week. Suddenly life is full for Faye Emerson. Every producer on the lot wants her in his picture.

NICE gesture on the part of Janet Blair. All her spare time is devoted to making books of recordings for the boys overseas. Whenever possible, she tries to grant personal requests and sing

the songs they like most to hear.

IRENE MANNING, singing star at Warners, has a clause in her new contract. It gives her the right to visit her husband, Het Manheim, twice a year—regardless of where he may be. Het's in the Army and, of course, there's always the chance that he might be sent overseas. If it happens, Irene is just the little girl who will hold the studio to its promise!

UNIVERSAL has been worried over Maria Montez losing so much weight. When they begged her to go to a doctor for a checkup, Maria said: "There isn't anything wrong with me. I'm just in love with a soldier who happens to be overseas."



MARTHA PRICE has a fair-skinned, golden loveliness . . . her wide-apart eyes are deep amethyst blue, her hair a glinting red-gold, and her complexion has that sweet, soft-smooth look you notice about so many girls who care for their faces with Pond's.

HER RING—the handsome diamond has three baguettes either side, all surrounded by smaller diamonds set in platinum.



THIS IS MARTHA'S WAR WORK—She gives a whole day every week at the Child Care Center seeing that little boys and girls are kept happy and healthy while their mothers work. Workers like Martha—full time or part time—are badly needed. Perhaps you could make this your war work, too!

*She's Engaged!
She's Lovely! She uses Pond's!*

B

ETROTHED to Air Corps Officer—exquisite Martha Price of Cleveland, another Pond's Bride-to-be, is engaged to Thomas Liston of Chicago, now with the Army Air Force . . .

When you see a girl with a complexion as luminous and gossamer-fine as Martha's—you naturally want to know what she does to help keep it that way!

Martha says—"I simply use Pond's Cold Cream."

Every night, every morning—Martha beauty-cleans her lovely face, like this: She smooths on snowy-soft Pond's, pats all over her face and throat to soften and release dirt and make-up. Tissues off. She "rinses" with more luscious Pond's, working her cream-tipped fingers round and round for extra cleansing, extra softening. Tissues off.

It's no accident engaged girls like Martha, great society beauties like Mrs. William Rhinelander Stewart love Pond's Cold Cream. Ask for a big jar today. Use it night and morning—for daytime clean-ups, too!

Today—many more women use Pond's than any other face cream at any price



ASK FOR A LUXURIOUS BIG JAR!

It's patriotic—saves glass and manpower. You may find different color "war-caps" on Pond's jars now—but Pond's Cold Cream is the same lovely quality.



**If Your Daughter Has
Just Married**

**SHE SHOULD KNOW
CERTAIN VITAL FACTS!**

**New, More Convenient
Feminine Hygiene Way Gives
Continuous Action for Hours!**

● Doctors know that even today the majority of women still know little or nothing about certain physical facts. Too many who think they know have only half knowledge. And they do not realize how seriously their happiness and health are threatened by lack of up-to-date information.

That is why you ought to know about Zonitors—and to have all the facts about their unique advantages for vaginal germicidal care. (See free book offer below.)

Zonitors are dainty, non-greasy suppositories, scientifically prepared for vaginal hygiene. So convenient and easy to use. The quickest, easiest, daintiest way of using a vaginal germicide. No cumbersome apparatus, nothing to mix, no unpleasant greasiness to spoil your daintiness.

Powerful, but safe for delicate tissues, Zonitors spread a protective coating and kill germs instantly on contact. Deodorize by actually destroying odor, instead of temporarily masking it. Give continuous action for hours. All druggists have Zonitors.

FREE BOOKLET

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GUIDE TO GLAMOR

Here are some bits of information which will appeal to the well-groomed woman and girl



For hands beautiful to behold and to hold, Cutex suggests for nail care, orangewood sticks in glass tubes, 7-in. emery boards, and cuticle oil and cuticle remover with oil.

IN A GAY colored magenta and white, small compact box, one finds the ingredients and equipment in compact form to give a permanent wave at home. It's the Charm Kurl method and has been worked out in three simple steps. Complete directions go with each package and, not only are the instructions given for doing a normal head of hair, but also for bleached and dyed. Each point is clearly defined in illustrations which unfold like a small reel of film.

WHEN the winds are biting and raw, your face needs more than the usual good attention you give it. It needs and must have extra care, and a good cream to help do the trick is Lady Esther Four-Purpose Cream. It cleanses, softens the skin, tends to refine pores and provides a perfect base for powder. A companion piece is the Lady Esther Face Powder which gives the skin a natural, smooth finish.



Face winners, Lady Esther Four Purpose Face Cream and Powder, a foundation and a finish.

TO GUARD your skin against that unattractive weather look—there is Tussy's Wind and Weather Lotion to use after your bath. It relieves the skin of that itchy feeling and that flaky look, and helps soften harsh-looking elbows and pump-bumps on heels. Men like it, too, as a non-greasy after-shaving lotion. That goes also for the service man whether he be in the torrid tropics or the frozen north lands.

"SENTIMENT" isn't the name of a perfume but of a glamorous new slip, created by Barbizon. This shimmering, lustrous slip is made of a fabric which was discovered before the war. While the slip is soft to the touch and drapes nicely to the figure, it is especially woven to take care of the hard wear demanded of materials today. Innumerable tests show that the slip launders easily and doesn't shrink, and wonder of wonders, it only needs the iron run over it once to accomplish results.



For Valentine that lingers, "Infatuation," Duchess of Paris, a captivating fragrance.

"A LUX Girl?"



You bet I am!"

Loretta Young

Co-star of Walter Wanger's
"LADIES COURAGEOUS"



"These Beauty facials really make skin lovelier!" says this famous star

"I cover my face generously with the rich Lux Soap lather, work it in *thoroughly*. I rinse with warm water, splash with cold and pat to dry."



YOU want the loveliness that wins romance! Try the simple beauty care Hollywood stars use. See if it doesn't make *your* skin lovelier!

Clever women everywhere find in Loretta Young's Lux Toilet Soap facials a simple, easy care that really works. In recent tests three out of four complexions actually improved! See if this daily complexion care that lovely screen stars recommend doesn't make *your* skin smoother, softer—more adorable!

DON'T WASTE SOAP!

It's patriotic to help save soap. Use only what you need. Don't let your cake of Lux Toilet Soap stand in water. After using, place it in a dry soap dish. Moisten last sliver and press against new cake.

Lux Toilet Soap L-A-S-T-S...It's hard-milled! 9 out of 10 Screen Stars use it

LOSES 25 POUNDS!

Reveals her hidden beauty

"I wondered if such a thing could happen to me,"—

—says Audrey Helmer, 22-year-old teacher of Prospect, New York.

When Audrey Helmer was 16, she weighed 116 and was slim as a reed. Then she began to put on the pounds. When she graduated from college she weighed far too much for her 5' 3". Through the DuBarry Success Course she reduced her weight from 140 to 115—and is healthier, happier than ever before.



Before



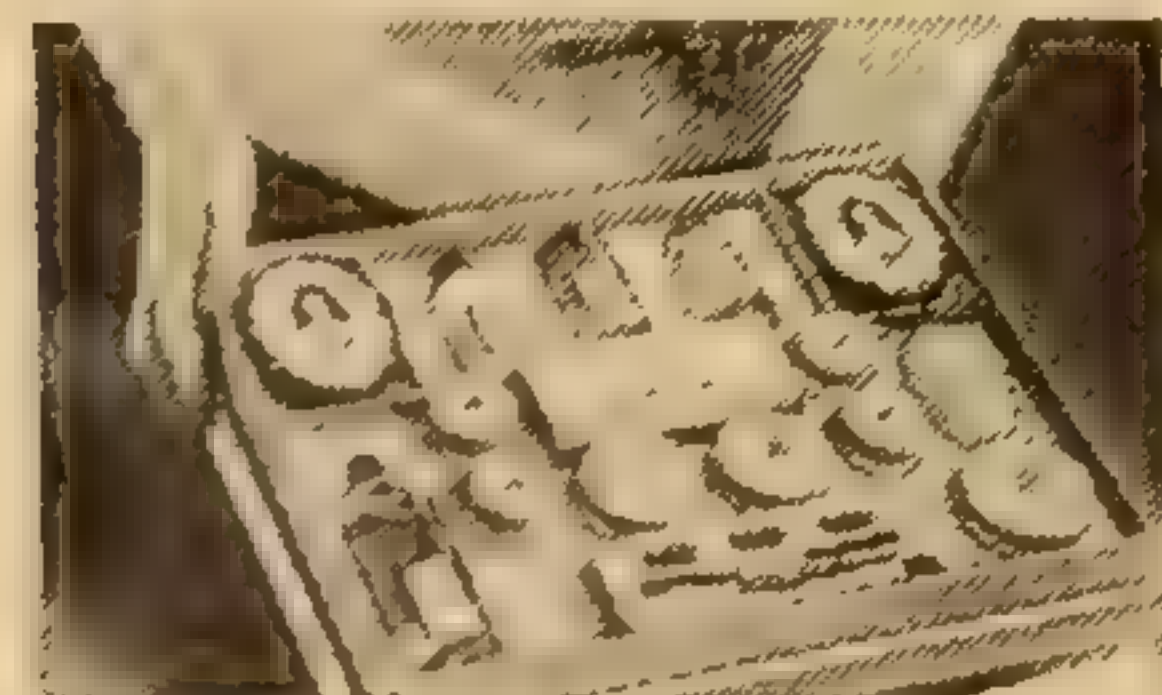
After

"This is more than a Course," writes Audrey Helmer, "It's a new way of living that I will follow always."

It Can Happen to You!

Audrey Helmer is just one of more than 110,000 women and girls who have found the DuBarry Success Course a way to be fit and fair. The Course brings you an analysis of your needs, then a step-by-step routine which shows you how to bring your weight to normal, remodel your figure, care for your skin and hair, use make-up subtly for glamour. Right in your own home you follow the same methods taught by Ann Delafield at the famous Richard Hudnut Salon, New York.

Get the full story. Today it's important to be at your best—fit and ready for strenuous wartime living. When this plan has meant so much to so many others, why not use the convenient coupon to find out what it can do for you? Just paste it on a penny postal.



DuBarry Beauty Chest Included!

With your Course you receive this Chest containing a generous supply of DuBarry Beauty and Make-up Preparations for your type.

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if any _____ State _____

"I'm Raising My Son for Tomorrow"

Continued from page 22.

Danish father) was on the floor, too. He wore a white cotton knit suit. His playthings were his mother's ten fingers which he appeared to consider gymnastic apparatus for he was hoisting himself to a sitting position by means of them, letting himself down again, only to repeat the procedure, tirelessly.

"Having all the normal impulses," the practically brand-new mother of the practically brand-new Lance was saying, "I want to talk about our son and heir, of course. And do, constantly, when in the bosom of the family. But I would feel horribly pretentious if, in my pretty soft spot (as spots go) I should make much ado, in print, about my maternity which is not, let's face it, an experience peculiar to me.

"But about my hopes and plans for my son, I will talk—would like to. For we are, each and every one of us, trying to do as good a job as possible in raising our kids for Tomorrow. And no matter how different our environment or our circumstances the basic training of children in all walks of life should be, I believe, pretty much the same. For the problems facing parents are not, primarily, matters of economics. What I mean is parents on very limited incomes may say, 'What the heck does she know about our problems? She can give her youngster all the material things and all of the advantages.' Perhaps. But that does not change our fundamental problem. If anything, it makes it tougher. Because too many material things and too many so-called 'advantages' tend to soften a child, surfeit him; incline him to be spoiled, lazy, lacking in enterprise. So that we have, in a way, a stiffer job to do in order to make our youngsters fit for *their* problems Tomorrow. You know, it isn't what we give our kids in the way of material things (the less of them, the better) that matters but what we are able to give them of courage and generosity of spirit—all the decencies. Which means that I must try to give Lance, no more and no less, what you, and you, and you try to give your Tom and Joe and Dick and Harry.

"I am, by the way, very optimistic about the World of Tomorrow. I may be wrong but it seems to me the world has always gone spinning on, Art and Science have always developed. Religion has stayed with us and I believe the world will continue to spin on, and to develop, only at an accelerated pace. Thing is to be sure that our kids will be eager and equipped to spin on and develop with it.

"These are the weapons, the tools, I hope to place in Lance's hand—and in his heart: (a) Love, (b) the 'World idea,' (c) scorn of being a quitter, (d) the ability to face things and take things, (e) a sense of values and, (f) somewhere along the line, *all* along the line, a sense of responsibility to life. For I do not believe you can go through life without paying. I think you pay for everything, the intangibles as well as the tangibles, just as you do when you go to market and put your money on the counter. Life

is a privilege and *should* be paid for.

"Love, I said. That comes first. That is going to be the cornerstone of my plan for raising Lance. But not just love of his parents, the kid next door, his family—no, more all-embracing than that—Love of his community, his country and, expandingly, the world.

"Love of his parents must come first, of course. But before we should expect love from a child we must first prove to him, prove to him conclusively, that *we* love him. 'But that's silly,' you may object, 'children don't have to be told that their parents love them. They know it.' It's not silly. They don't always know it. They should be told, in so many words. A friend of mine, a man of mature years, said to me recently, 'My parents appeared to me as a cross between stern school teachers and ogres. I was afraid the first ten years of my life, resentful for the next ten and regretful for the next twenty-five.' That sort of insecurity *breeds the individuals who, frightened and resentful, make all the trouble in the world.* We intend to make Lance feel our love for him as an unshakable fact, a natural element, like the air he breathes and the earth under his feet. If we succeed, we will have placed in his hands the weapons of confidence, obedience, and truth.

"After love of parents, should come love of home. I believe that home is *terribly* important. To give children a sense of home and to keep home together is the gravest problem we working mothers have to face. Many women have to go out to work, for economic reasons. Others are working for the war effort; doing Red Cross work, driving ambulances. And that is good. But whatever the reason, we should make it clear to our children that the primary object in working is to *keep the home together.*

"Lance will know, because I intend to make it crystal clear to him, that his father works for our home, and works hard. My kid will know that I've worked for him. My kid will know that we expect him to work for his home, too. Certainly he is not going to be one of those spoiled brats who have the feeling, 'That's my joint—my old man and woman keep it up—all I have to do is barge in and shout "I want sumpin' to eat!"' Uh-uh. My kid is going to have, according to his age, his chores to do. My kid is going to empty those wastebaskets and tote things to the incinerator. My kid, as soon as he is able, is going to take care of his own clothes. I don't care how many servants we have, I will not have a servant pick up a child's clothes or keep his room in order for him. I'd refuse to *pay* anyone to pick up after him. Nor will he be allowed to be destructive. None of that sticky-hands-on-the-wallpaper, jumping-up-and-down-on-the-furniture routine for Master Brisson. Being a child, he will make mistakes, of course. But they don't have to be *chronic.*

"I intend to see to it that Lance never has too many possessions. For surfeit

Who are they?—It's Confidential!



But you'll be glad thousands of busy women had the courage to write frankly—telling *why* they switched to Modess! "So soft," "Such comfort," or "So safe," say 8 out of 10!

1 Their names are a secret—you'll never know them. But here's how 10,086 women, from every state in the Union, recently did you a good turn. They found time in their hurrying, war-busy lives to write *why* they're glad they switched to Modess Sanitary Napkins!

2 War workers, nurses, business girls, teen-agers, mothers wrote frankly and intimately. Included were letters from women who had used practically every type and brand of napkin. But they *all* switched to Modess—and for reasons amazingly alike! When their letters were analyzed by an independent, impartial concern...

8 out of 10 women said they're glad they switched to Modess for its wonderful softness, for its comfort or for its dependable safety!



4 Mrs. J.W.B. wrote: "Having four small daughters, doing my own work, being church organist and teacher, I must have a comfortable, safe napkin. It's Modess!" Thousands of women whose jobs keep them on the go every minute are switching to Modess for greater safety! Modess has a full-length, triple shield at the back for full-way protection—not just part-way protection, as some napkins give.

Discover the Difference...Switch to

Modess
SANITARY NAPKINS



MODESS REGULAR is for the great majority of women. So highly absorbent it takes care of even above-average needs. Makes bulky, over-size pads unnecessary. In boxes of 12 napkins, or Bargain Box of 56. MODESS JUNIOR is for those who require a slightly narrower napkin. In boxes of 12.



3 Wrote Miss D.P.: "I'm a high school girl—and I find Modess softer, less likely to chafe through the necessarily longer wearing time at school." There's a reason for this greater, heavenly softness! Modess is made with a special softspun filler instead of close-packed layers. And because it's softer, it fits like a dream. (No hard tab ends to cause tell-tale outlines, even under the sleekest dress.)



5 How about you? Have you tried Modess recently? Doesn't the experience of these thousands of busy women make you wonder? Why miss a world of greater softness and greater safety that you *need* these hurry-up days? See what a difference Modess makes! Yet it costs no more. Ask for Modess—today!

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wins
your vote?**

☐ CREAM? ☐ POWDER? ☐ LIQUID?

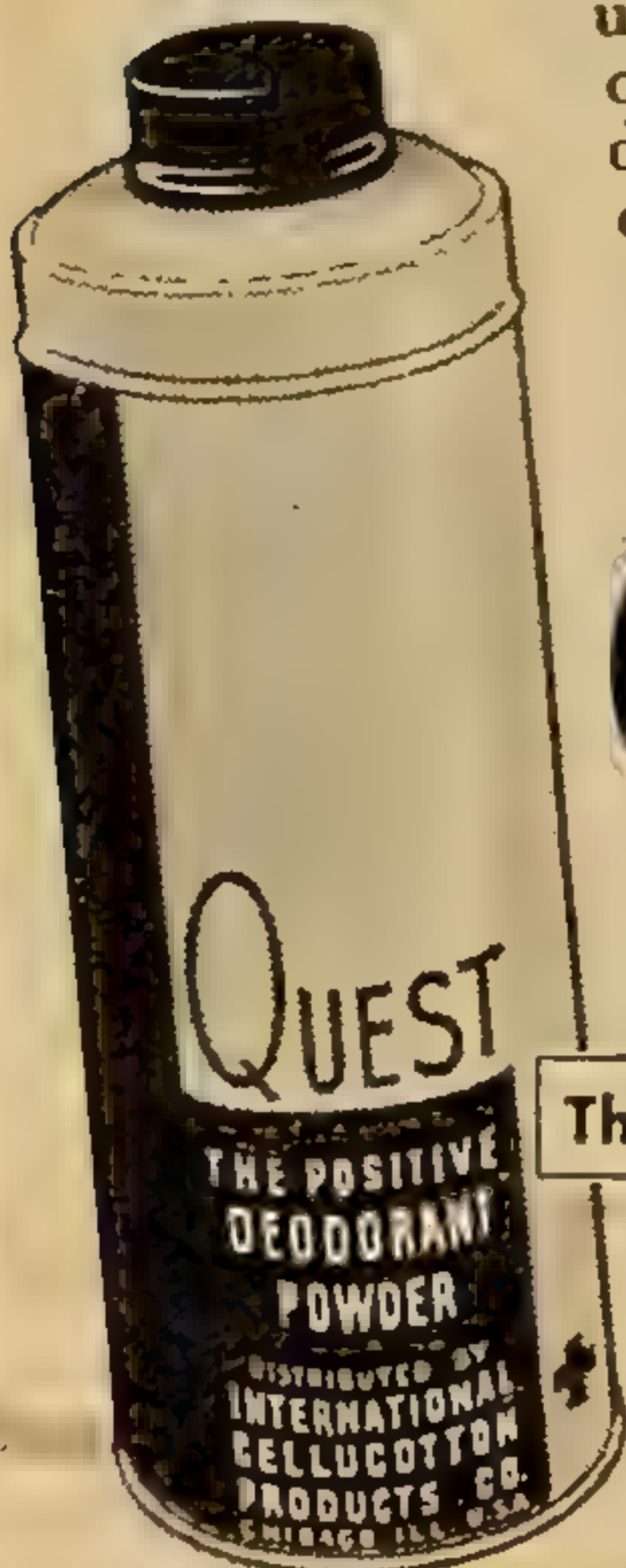
For ordinary uses, you may prefer one type of deodorant, your neighbor another. But for *one* purpose—important to *you* and to every woman—there's no room for argument.

Use Powder for Sanitary Napkins

For while creams and liquids are suitable for general use, a powder is best for sanitary napkins. That's because a powder has no moisture-resistant base; doesn't retard napkin absorption.

There is ONE Powder

... created especially for this purpose—QUEST® POWDER—soft, soothing, safe. It's the Kotex® Deodorant, approved by the Kotex laboratories. Being unscented, it doesn't merely cover up one odor with another. Quest Powder destroys napkin odor completely. It's your sure way to avoid offending. Many months' supply, only 35c.



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POWDER**

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CRAMPS?

Curb them each month with . . .



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Take KURB tablets only as directed on the package and see how KURB can help you!

dulls the bright edge of possession and tends to make it valueless. And whatever he does have, it must be his responsibility, he must take care of it. When we were children at home, in Waterbury, Connecticut, we had horses. But we did not have grooms to take care of our horses for us. The care of them, feeding of them, watering, grooming, etc., was up to us. When we showed signs of slipping up on the job my father first threatened to take them away from us—and later, did. And there was no appealing the decision. I shall do likewise with Lance. As a small boy, if he has a bicycle he doesn't keep in condition, a pet he doesn't feed properly, a book he misuses, they shall be taken from him and that will be that. What is more, if he deliberately damages the belongings of any of his playmates he will have to pay for what he does, out of his own pocket. His allowance will be docked until he *has* paid. A sense of responsibility toward your own possessions and, equally, toward those of others, seems to be a terrifically important weapon to put in the hands of the Youth of Tomorrow. If only, in Germany, there had been that second sense—!

"Which brings me to the 'World idea': I feel that if a youngster begins life with a love of his parents and of his home, and a confidence in and respect for both he will then develop a love of his community, a love of his country and, as I said, expandingly, a love of the world. That is what we want for Lance. We want him to feel that the whole world is his home and that he should behave in it, wherever he may be, as he behaves in his house in Beverly Hills. In order to achieve this, the starting point is to see to it that he does respect and serve his house in Beverly Hills.

"To this end, I believe that *geography* is enormously important in the education of children. They should realize, as early as possible, that the world is not so large; that we are all, so to speak, neighbors; that peoples of all races have kindred hopes and hungers, dreams and needs; that none of us is a stranger, one from another; therefore, none of us need be enemies.

"To give a child this comprehension—well," Rosalind said, and gravely, "given that comprehension today, humanity might not have been involved in the global catastrophe."

"Scorn of being a quitter:

"When I was a youngster of twelve or thirteen I took part, one summer, in the water sports at the beach in Connecticut. I considered myself a knockout as a diver and was, in fact, pretty good. Entered, much to my pride, in the Women's Finals. I knew I had only one real competitor—a girl of twenty-four, with a beautiful face and such a sensational figure that, skinny and unglamorous as I was, I also knew I'd have to out-dive her, but *all* out, or be completely overlooked by the judges, all males. To this end, I practised until I was blue around the gills and corrugated like a washboard from the long hours in the water. Came the day of the events and, as I had foreseen, it wasn't long before everyone was eliminated except this girl—and me. Just as I was about to

make my next-to-the-last dive, the strap of my bathing suit broke, people laughed and, clutching myself awkwardly, horribly embarrassed, I dived into the water very badly. My score up to then had been perfect and, had I controlled myself, I might still have won. Instead of which, in a furious temper, and like a spoiled brat, I got up on the board for my last dive, which was to have been a breathtaking jackknife, and just plain *jumped*. My competitor won. I came to the surface to see her being rowed, triumphantly, to shore. Sick with rage and shame, I swam in. As I neared the beach, my eyes caught a pair of white shoes firmly planted on the sand. A man's shoes, and there my father stood. It gave me a chill. For I very well knew Dad could not stomach poor sports. As I faced him he said, very quietly, 'Rosalind, a winner never quits and a quitter never wins.'

"When I first came to Hollywood, under contract to Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, Myrna Loy, Norma Shearer, Joan Crawford, Jean Harlow were among the big name stars on the lot. Faced with such competition, I felt like 'jumping off' again. But didn't because of those words, those unforgettable words, my Dad spoke. If I have never quit (though often tempted) and if, I hope, I never do, it will be because of them. The point being that if ever it is necessary for me to put scorn of quitting into Lance's mind and heart, I shall borrow my father's word and use them.

"The ability to take things and face things is a weapon without which we, all of us, are pretty helpless. So I shall do my best to help Lance face up to things, to take the bumps and bruises, the disappointments, the defeats without whimpering, without alibis. While he is still a small boy I shall try to resist the temptation to pet him and comfort him for the small hurts. Which reminds me, again, of what my Dad said to me when, one day (I must have been nine or ten) I dropped something on my foot and, I am afraid, cussed like anything. 'Why do you go on like that?' he asked me. 'Because,' I whined, 'it *hurt*.' Regarding me thoughtfully, a shade quizzically, he said, 'What are you going to have left to say when something *really* hurts?' Then, as he turned on his heel and left me, he said over his shoulder, 'Why not start it on a lower key?' That was a well-timed lesson in taking the small injuries without too much ado; in saving ourselves for the bigger hurts. It was, also, a lesson in values.

"I also remember one night at the dinner table at home. I was in a very disgruntled mood. There had been class elections at school. I had confidently expected to be elected president and wasn't. 'Oh, well,' I told the family, any girl can be president if she plays up to the kids and the teachers. Of course, I added, smugly, 'I don't.' 'Then,' said my father, pleasantly, 'the girl who won knows more than you do. She knows how to get what she wants. *You* don't. The right man won!'

"Too often do we alibi ourselves, feel sorry for ourselves, fail in our sense of values. When Lance is old enough I shall take him through hospital wards,

“I use Dura-Gloss”



“...I think we women have one big advantage over our sisters abroad. We can work hard and still have the beautifiers to keep *our hands attractive*. I'm going to keep myself nice for you, no matter how hard I'm working. I'll be charming and I'll be pretty, when you come back home again. Dura-Gloss makes my fingers look so gay that I feel better myself. It's about the only polish I know that can take the hard knocks and *stay on*, and look bright and shining, like the stars.”

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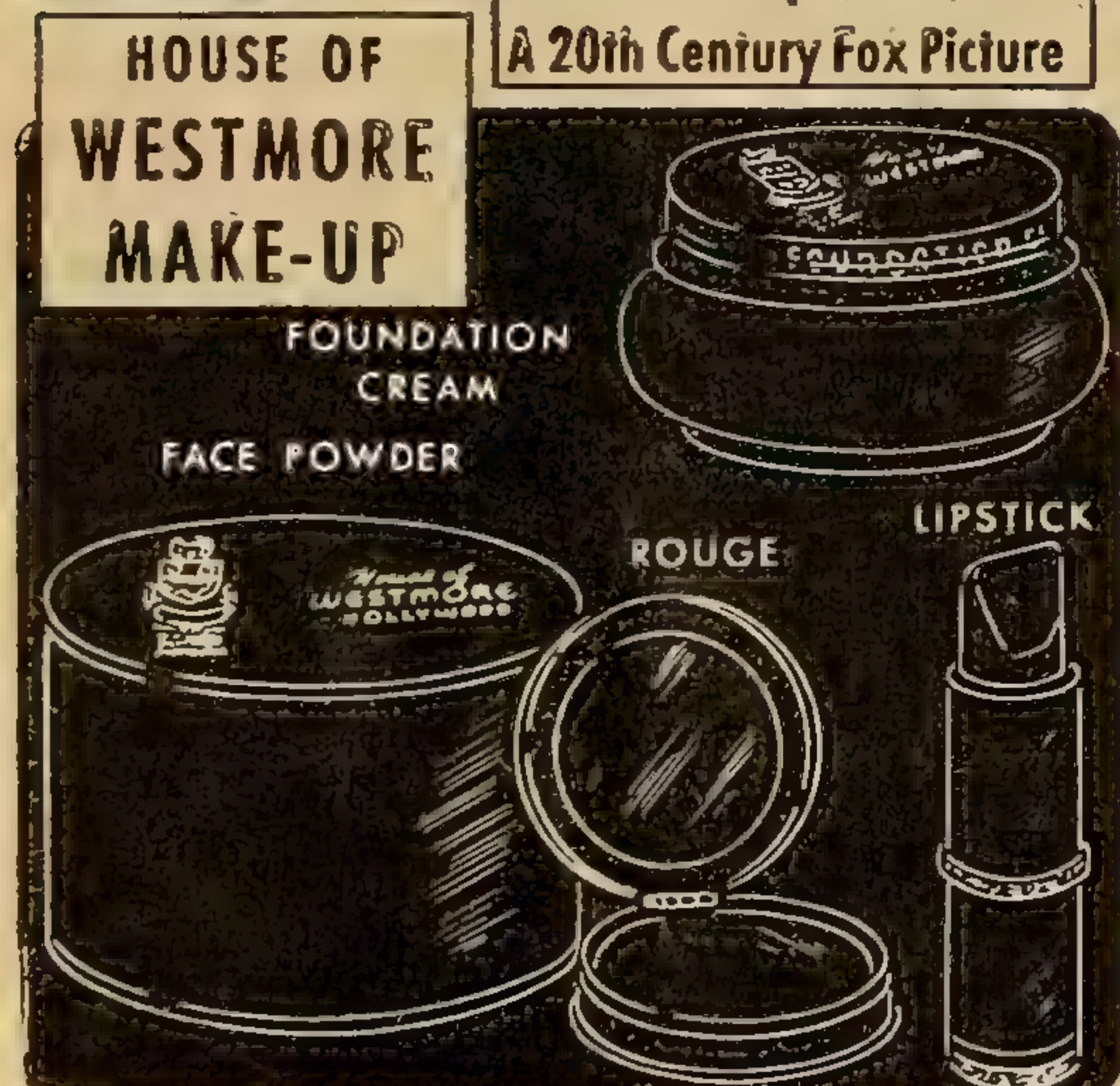
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who make up the
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A 20th Century Fox Picture



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and the tenement districts of cities, so that he may see with his own eyes and hear with his own ears what other people suffer, and endure. No words of mine could so effectively give him perspective.

"So I hope—and pray—that Lance will have love in his heart, for all mankind. I hope that he will never be a quitter in anything, great or small. I hope that he will have a sense of values, will be able to face up to things, will have integrity. If he has not these qualities, these weapons in his hands, *it will be our faults, his father's and mine.*

"I know that I can never genuinely take a bow for anything good I may have done in my life. The bows go to my parents. Anything wrong I may have done, or may do, is on my own. My parents gave me manners and morals, the rules of right conduct. They acted as my guides until they felt that I could

walk alone, in the right direction. As parents should do. For nothing is more fallacious than the new-fangled theory, 'Let kids go on their own. Don't guide them.' Let them make their own mistakes.' Great Scott, 'raising' them *means* guiding them, doesn't it? Means trying to help them NOT to make mistakes.

"Whoever it was said, 'There are no bad children in the world, there are only bad parents,' spoke a stunning truth. For whatever is wrong with a child, *it is the parents' fault.* On the other hand, whatever is right and good with a child, boy and man, is largely due to his parents, too.

"So I earnestly hope that when Tomorrow comes, our son will be equipped and prepared to meet it, cleanly and honorably, with strength and with integrity. For then we will be able to say 'That's one job we've done well.'"

1,000,000 Men and a Girl

Continued from page 21

records that puts her in the higher income brackets, finds that money hasn't changed her. Nor her mode of living, the friends she has, the things she wants to do. "Other than giving me a lovely ranch—which is self-sustaining, by the way—my life hasn't changed. I still live in the same small apartment in Hollywood, I still run my old convertible coupe, and I am still the same softie for hats I was five years ago—and from the same modiste, Suzanne Colbert."

"Official Sweetheart" of more than one hundred Army Camps, Navy and Marine bases and Air Force units, Ginny Simms is five feet six inches in height, with chestnut brown hair and blue-green eyes. One of her most treasured possessions is a red morocco diary in which she keeps nothing but the record of the many official designations that she holds in the various branches of the services. She is a platoon sergeant in the Marines, an honor conferred on her by the Leathernecks in San Diego. She is a Bos'n's Mate First Class in the Navy. She is the Sweetheart of (a) the Airborne Command, (b) Hammer Field, (c) 1452nd Quartermaster Co., U. S. Army. She is the favorite screen star of the "Radio Gang" at Fort Moultrie, South Carolina. And that isn't one-tenth of the list.

She is particularly proud that, more than a year ago, some of the boys in England named a Flying Fortress after her. She is constantly receiving reports on the behavior in the air and in combat of "The Flying Ginny." In Texas, too, there is an irrigation lake named by the soldiers for the singing star. And a few weeks ago a Major commanding the camera combat crew of a big bomber returned with the glad news that she rates "Favorite Pin-Up Girl of the Forces in North Africa" 5 to 1 over her nearest contender, Rita Hayworth. "Really," says Ginny, "I couldn't be more thrilled if someone suddenly told me I had been given the Academy Award!"

Ginny Simms, who has traveled more than 100,000 miles to entertain over 150 Army camps, has already appeared in person before approximately one million

members of the armed forces. And it makes her particularly happy to think that they are always thinking of her, and acquaint her of the fact—not only with letters. "At Christmas, for instance, I am always receiving beautiful knitted scarfs and quaintly embroidered pillows. Then one day I found a heart-shaped bracelet made out of the debris of a captured Zero in my mail. On other occasions I received a stuffed elephant in a sergeant's uniform, a twenty-pound box of cookies, a quilted box to keep my jewelry in, and the Navy, in the person of Pat Nerney, sent me three dozen bobby pins."

Originally, Ginny had intended to become a concert pianist. This was the fond hope of her ex-minstrel father, Dormer Simms, and so it was that she decided to teach piano at Fresno State Teachers' College. But the only music she ever taught was to two other members of Sigma Phi Gamma sorority, with whom she quickly and enthusiastically formed a vocal trio. For a long time they sang at college proms and minor concerts. Then, out of the blue, Ginny was offered her own program on a Fresno radio station. However, it wasn't until three years later that Ginny decided to take singing lessons. Her first appearance of any importance was as a featured soloist with Kay Kyser's band in 1936. She scored brilliantly, her own intimate style and delivery winning nation-wide plaudits. She appeared in three Kay Kyser films, "That's Right, You're Wrong," "You'll Find Out," and "Playmates," and stayed on with the band until the summer of 1941. Then RKO signed her.

In those days all she had to do was to rely on her voice and personal appeal to get over. The scripts that were thrown at her called for nothing more. "I felt I had some dramatic talent, but I wasn't given the opportunity to demonstrate it. Then as time went on I began to lose faith in myself. All I wanted was to bury my nose behind a microphone at the radio station. And it looked very much as if I were going to get my way."

With neither the studio nor Ginny quite able to make up their minds about



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WHEN SMOKERS CHANGED TO PHILIP MORRIS, EVERY CASE OF IRRITATION OF NOSE OR THROAT—DUE TO SMOKING—EITHER CLEARED UP COMPLETELY OR DEFINITELY IMPROVED!

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her screen possibilities, she was given the chance she had always prayed for. That was in 1941, when she appeared for the first time on a national hook-up with *her own radio show*. Then she was on another network with Bob Burns and in September, 1942, she started on her current nation-wide program for Philip Morris cigarettes. The success of that show is common property: last year she shared the Crosley rating with people like veteran Kate Smith, and topped other national standbys such as "One Man's Family." Her phonograph recordings started to sell like wildfire, and a rough sales tabulation of the 500 recordings she has made reaches in the millions, with her renditions of "St. Louis Blues," "Perfidia" and "Frenesi" among the top sellers in the country.

Other pictures came along like "Here We Go Again," "Seven Days Leave" and "Hit the Ice." In the latter she appeared in romantic support of Abbott and Costello, and was seen to a little better advantage. But still there was no indication that Ginny had what it takes for pictures. Oh, the critics were kind enough, the boys overseas still plied her with eulogistic letters, but deep down Ginny wasn't any too happy about her studio career. But the studios believed in her—and "Broadway Rhythm" is an eloquent example of that belief.

As a little girl Ginny always insisted on having a black and white checked taffeta dress. When she outgrew one, she always had her mother buy or make her another. That checked taffeta outfit was always—and still is—Ginny's idea of true

elegance. Because long ago she found a dressmaker suit that she liked, she always has it repeated in various colors but never altering the style. Now she has the same suit in six different shades.

She is never tired of recalling that once she was a drum majorette, and led a boys' band in Fowler, California, and that her father once owned a small motion-picture theater there. She always talks with enthusiasm of the days when she was an usherette while attending school. She hasn't lost track of the friends she made while attending the Fresno public schools, nor those that she made at the Fresno State Teachers' College.

Ginny is a girl of definite likes and dislikes. She loves walking in the rain, black linen handkerchiefs, and plain, massive jewelry. She is crazy about hats, the bigger the better, the sight of the alfalfa fields in the sunrise, and rich, foreign foods. She likes long telephone calls, well-groomed men, good music, semi-romantic novels, and very hot baths. Of marriage she says, "Isn't that what we're really here for?"

She can't stand the sight and sound of a coward, loud-mouthed people, and evidences of fame without talent. She has a horror of pretty boys, writing letters, people who make "entrances," and all forms of laziness and malcontentment. She'll walk a mile to get out of earshot of a Hollywood gossip. Most of all, she can't bear false fronts, false emotions and false generosities.

It is a source of constant amazement to Ginny's many friends how she is able

to sustain the pace she has set herself. Take a look not at Ginny's day, but at the average week she spends before the cameras, behind the microphone, and making recordings. She gets up at six, takes a very hot bath, tears into her Plymouth, and is on the set in full make-up at eight o'clock. She never leaves the studio before six, and luncheons are generally occupied by ironing out details of her weekly radio shows, giving out interviews like this one, and going over new songs. At six p.m. she is on her way home. She takes a bite of dinner and if this is a Monday she hurries over to C.B.S. and rehearses for the following day's broadcast until the wee hours. On a Tuesday, she does the same except that the hours after her broadcast are devoted not to rehearsing but to planning the following week's show. Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday, and Saturday are different: Thursday night is M-G-M night at the Hollywood Canteen, and Ginny sings five songs at each shift of entertainment. What happens to the other three days? Army camps. And there is your Ginny, 1944 streamlined edition of Elsie Janis. You wonder how on earth she can do it, let alone keep it up as she has since that fateful Pearl Harbor dawn.

"Oh, my Sundays are my own," said Ginny, smilingly. "You know how I love my ranch, Michael. I've got forty acres planted in alfalfa and citrus fruits now. We have 1,000 chickens, 19 cows and a prize bull. And it's fun pattering around the vegetable garden, and feeding the little ones in the piggery. Who wouldn't be able to relax in a spot like that?"

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REVEALS THE HIDDEN BEAUTY IN YOUR HAIR!

The Fabulous Tallulah

Continued from page 38

had lunch with her the day before and spent the entire time listening to her talk about bulbs. Hedda Hopper dropped by her hotel for tea one afternoon. "I wish," said Hedda, "that I had seen you in 'Skin Of Our Teeth.'" Two hours later Hedda left, limp but enthusiastic. Tallulah had obligingly done the whole play for her. I just casually mentioned one day that I was extremely annoyed by the withholding tax. Tallulah promptly gave me the history of the tax, the arguments in favor of it, and at the end of an hour had me all misty-eyed and grateful that I lived in a country that had such a smart government.

Tallulah's so-called "feud" with Hollywood has ended in a beautiful romantic clinch. Tallulah loves Hollywood, and Hollywood loves Tallulah. And the grapevine has it that when "Lifeboat" is released early in 1944 the Academy will love her so much that they will undoubtedly give her an Oscar.

According to Tallulah, and after all she ought to know, there never was a feud. "The day I left Hollywood in 1933," she says, "the California sun outdid itself. Mercury boiled in the ther-

mometers. A bright withering glare overspread everything. As I was about to step aboard the train a reporter asked me, 'Are you sorry to be leaving Hollywood?' Fighting off an imminent sunstroke, I said, 'I'm a happy woman, escaping from what you call a climate.' So I was quoted in most of the papers as saying that I was departing Hollywood because I didn't like anything about it, including the climate. The implication was that I would never be back. People promptly put me down as Hollywood Hater No. 1—which only goes to show how little it takes sometimes to get a reputation. The longer I stayed away the more the reputation grew. But I had no control over that. Whenever a tempting movie rôle came along I had a previous stage commitment. When I was between plays, free to make a movie, the only scripts that fell into my hands read like some screen writer's revenge on actresses."

That sort of thing went on for ten years. Then a few months ago, when Tallulah was planting bulbs and pruning trees on the farm she bought last winter near Bedford Village, New York, she re-

ceived a long distance call from Director Alfred Hitchcock. He wanted her to come to Hollywood at once and play, Mrs. Connie Porter, the shipwrecked foreign correspondent, in "Lifeboat," which he was directing for Twentieth Century-Fox. Tallulah read the first ninety pages of the script, and was so enthusiastic about it she took the next train for Hollywood. Thereby spiking the rumor that she would never return.

She still doesn't like the climate, if you want to make anything out of it. "Give me a place where the seasons change," says Tallulah. The sun had very little chance to bother her this last trip, however, as she had to be up by six, while it was still dark, and rarely left the studio until six, when it was beginning to get dark. Labor Day the studio closed, and Tallulah had her first day off. Rising luxuriously at nine she looked out of her hotel windows and saw the sun beating down mercilessly. "How nice for all the people to have such good weather for a holiday," she thought, well pleased with nature. "And then I suddenly remembered that it was Hollywood, where the sun *always* shines."

Another thing she doesn't like about Hollywood is the local traffic. But as Hollywoodians themselves don't like it either they're not likely to pick a fight with her over that. "The drivers," says Tallulah, "are absolutely unpredictable. And the city fathers have the quaint custom of shutting off the stop lights on Sundays when the traffic on the main boulevards is the heaviest." Tallulah doesn't drive a car herself. She's too nervous. Besides she has never learned her right hand from her left hand, so she doesn't think there is really much use trying for a driver's license.

Having read that Winston Churchill, her idol, often escapes temporarily from the weighty problems of the day by setting up an easel and painting landscapes, Tallulah decided that she too would try relaxing in oils. She bought herself a complete equipment, and started with still life. She spent all one Sunday on her farm painting a tasty looking bunch of grapes. That evening friends dropped in for dinner. They always do, Tallulah being famous both for her hospitality and her cook. She unveiled her first canvas, and impatiently inquired, "What do you think of it?" There was a long pause, while everyone studied the painting, with the thoughtful dignity befitting a great artist, especially one whose roast beef they were about to consume. Finally someone said, "Tallulah, you're wonderful. I don't know how you do it. What a realistic bouquet of morning glories!" Tallulah now does her relaxing with mystery stories. The 25-cent kind from the drugstores. And she can't decide whether she's furious with the writer's stupidity, or delighted with her own mental prowess, when she guesses whodunit in the third chapter.

Though she remembers every line in every play she has ever done, and is well known as a raconteuse of amusing stories, Tallulah has an atrocious memory for names. She glides over this beautifully by calling everyone "darling." This is rather awkward when she finds herself in a spot where she has to intro-

duce people. And Tallulah always introduces people. Unlike most celebrities she is never rude, and never snubs the social amenities. She gives them that old Southern graciousness, and "darling" meets "darling," never suspecting that Tallulah hasn't the vaguest idea who they are. Tallulah doesn't like to think that she calls people "darling." She considers it insincere. When Hitchcock, a great tease, heard her carefully explaining to a reporter that she definitely did *not* call people "darling, darling," he immediately put "darling" into "Lifeboat."

When Tallulah was a kid of twelve, and attending private school in Washington, someone asked her father, "In the name of Southern womanhood, Congressman Bankhead, can't you do something about Tallulah's raucous laugh?" Her father replied, "Ever since she was born I've tried to do something about that laugh." Tallulah's laugh, deep, throaty and spontaneous, has become a Bankhead trademark, something that people expect of her. Hitchcock decided that he must have that laugh in "Lifeboat" too, though it called for a bit of figuring. Then one day he had an inspiration. "Tallulah," he said, "as you see your diamond bracelet sink beneath the waves, let the irony of it all suddenly hit you. Laugh that damn inimitable Bankhead laugh."

She is a fair bridge player but isn't as avid about it as she once was. In the "good old days" she always had three alert bridge-playing house guests, so she could have her foursome any time of day or night.

Tallulah is one of the most substantial citizens in the United States today. By reading newspapers and magazines incessantly, and never missing an important radio broadcast, she keeps herself well informed on world events. She cannot tolerate people who kick other people around, and never hesitates to stand up for the oppressed. Long before it was popular to speak out against the Axis she was one of the leaders of Fight for Freedom, which has since become Freedom House. She has the courage of her convictions—a courage that has won her the respect and friendship of the most forthright public figures in both America and England. No one has ever accused Tallulah of refusing to fight for a worthy cause.

The day she finished "Lifeboat" Tallulah left for her charming home in the East. But this time no one could possibly misquote her about Hollywood. "I want to see my home, and I want to see some snow," she said, "and then I would like to come back to Hollywood and make another picture." The studios are putting in their bids. Twentieth Century-Fox is trying to persuade her to do the screen version of "There Shall Be No Night," the famous Robert Sherwood play, done on Broadway several seasons ago by Lynn Fontanne and Alfred Lunt. She hasn't said yes and she hasn't said no. She would like to do a comedy. But it's a cinch she'll be back.

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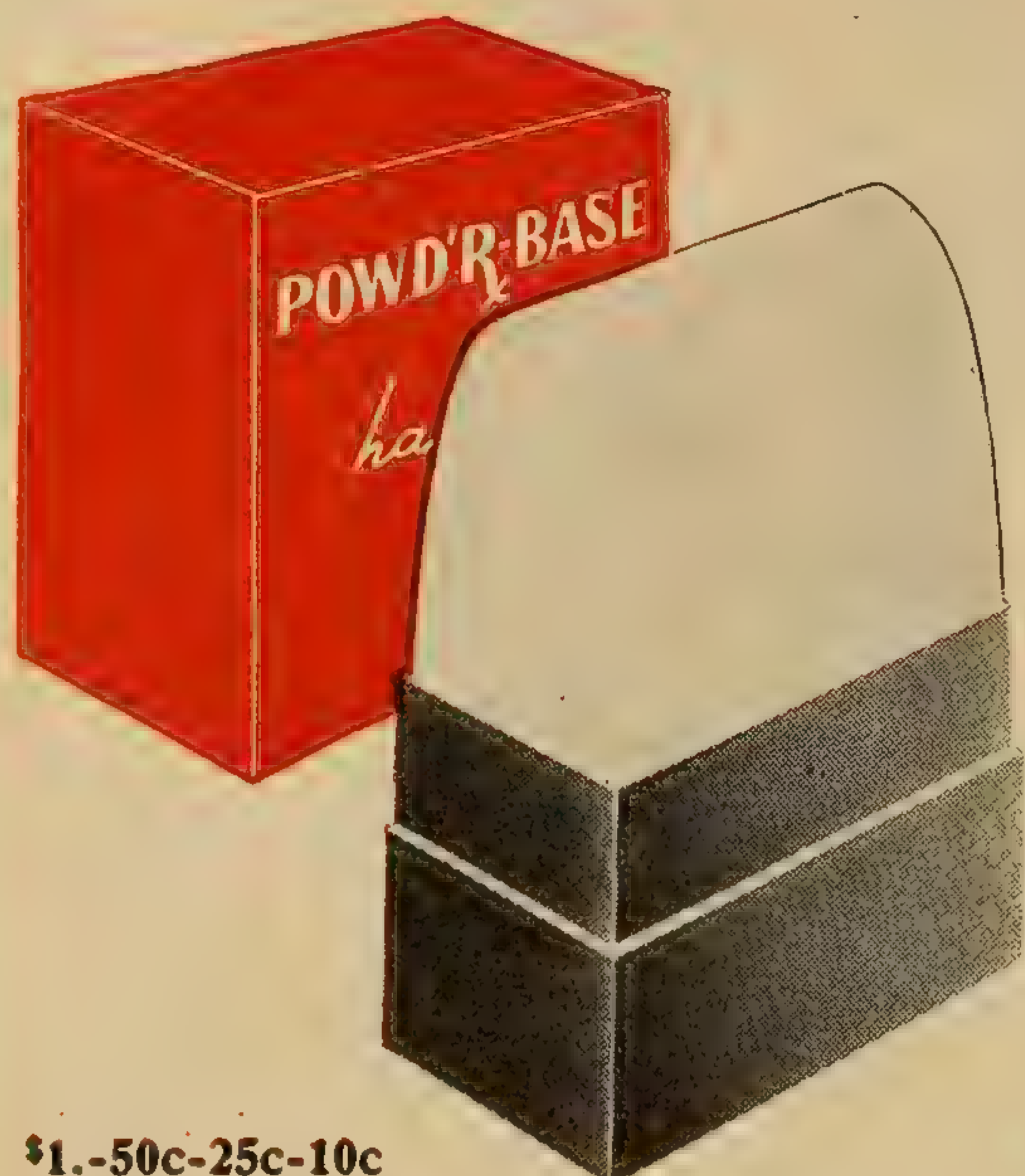
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Brian Donlevy, Pin-Up Man

Continued from page 37

Curiously, Brian is one of the few leading men in Hollywood who started out his career with a definite aim of not wanting to nonplus the feminine population. "The thing that I dread more than anything else," he told this writer one day in his dressing room at M-G-M while waiting to do the final scenes on "America," "is that my lady customers might get to the point where they see things in me that don't exist. I've always wanted more than anything to have a good male following because most men aren't fooled by other men. If a fellow is generally liked by those of his own sex it means that he's at least partially succeeding in being on the level with himself and others.

"But as to the women, I hate the thought of them comparing me with their husbands and boy-friends. There is no parallel, because the man they see on the screen isn't me at all. It is some fictional character who always gets the breaks in the end and comes up a hero. There is a kind of feminine following I like, though, say when the boys on the set come up to me and tell me their wives liked me in such and such a rôle. I know this type of admiration isn't the gushing, sentimental kind, or you can depend on it that their husbands wouldn't have told me."

Although he is leery of a wild, popular acclaim from his women customers—he always refers to his fans as customers—Brian does not give the impression that he thinks the girls in the Marines are silly for having selected him as their pin-up boy.

"I feel very flattered being put into the classification of a glamor boy," he told me. "But I'm hanged if I know why anyone would pick me as such. The longer I live the more I'm convinced I know less and less about what really goes on. For example, if you had asked me 10 years ago what I thought about red-headed girls, I would have told you that they were a mite crazy. And yet, I married a red-head. It just seems impossible for me to draw a line and put people in one category or another. All I do seem to savvy is that if you make it a point to pick out the good in people and like them apart from their faults, they will invariably like you. It all boils down to being fair."

Brian philosophizes on these matters of human relations with the quizzical frankness of a schoolboy, and then applies the conclusions to himself and his work as an actor. "I've always tried to do a good day's work before the camera," he went on, "by never forgetting for a moment the people who will see the picture I'm making. I know that their only reason for going to a theater is to be entertained, and I further know that they won't like a phony guy who tries to be something he 'ain't."

"That's the reason why I always make a study of the character I'm going to portray. And if I can't understand said character I refuse to do him. When I do get hold of a good rôle, though, I don't mind working like a truck horse to



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discover the fine points of the character. It's the only way to make him convincing."

"To be a screen actor you have to be a fairly decent business man, too, you know. And on my system I figure I might be able to muddle along because, as in any other properly conducted business, the customer is always right. But anyway, I always try to make the character like myself instead of the other way around because I know myself better than anyone else. Therefore, in working primarily with my own character I come closer to giving a convincing performance."

"You have to be convincing in the movies because the people get so close to you. The people are smart and don't let anyone kid you into believing otherwise."

Having dispossessed himself of these sage observations, Brian then turned right back to his first contention that the public can never judge what an actor is really like from his screen appearances. He was referring to the inner man, which he declares is never revealed even though he tries to put as much of himself as possible into his work. "Take this rôle I'm doing in 'America' as a first example," he continued, "I play an immigrant with a Czech background, who comes to America as a poor boy and rises to the position of a business tycoon. The fact is that in real life I could never have been a success in the field of competitive business. I'm the sort of fellow who is happiest when I'm doing something with my hands. I'm really cooking on a front burner, as the kids say, when I'm out in the back yard making a chicken coop, or when I'm turning a piece of wood in my machine shop. I like to put my hands to things and see them take shape, such as the making of a chair or a table."

Sitting there talking to Brian and hearing him try to define himself relative to the characters he has done on the screen, I attempted to throw him off balance by reaching into the bag of memory and dragging out the despicable *Sergeant Markov* in "Beau Geste," which actually brought him more attention than any of his previous rôles up to that time.

"What about *Markov*?" I asked him. "How could that character fit into your theory of acting? He was such a thoroughgoing scoundrel that I should think you would never admit that you gave any part of yourself to his portrayal."

"Why of course I did," he quickly replied. "We all have something of the *Markov* in us. It's the part that we live down or suppress in order to enjoy the much richer, less destructive benefits of civilization. Most of us are fortunate enough to have been trained that a *Markov* never comes out on top, and experience shows us this is true. What are the Nazis, for instance, but a group of *Markovs*? Under the proper training and example they all might have been sane men, maybe even useful to society. As to playing *Markov* on the screen, make-up helped a lot. I'm not denying that. But in doing him I had to picture in my mind what I myself might have been like had I allowed myself to have

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been controlled by the same bestial passions and cruelties that governed him.

"Another character along somewhat similar lines was the one I did in 'The Glass Key.' He was a gangster and he believed in living by his wits and getting by on as little honest effort as possible. As with *Markov*, this character was the product of a training and environment very different from mine. But it is totally possible that I would have been just as devious had I been brought up under the influences that usually produce a racketeer. But I wasn't fetched up that way and so I'm me instead of being a gangster. Understanding it along these lines enabled me to be a racketeer in that characterization.

"I'm no angel by any means, but I'll show you how different my real character is from the one I did in 'The Glass Key.' I was born of a typical American family that emigrated from Ireland shortly after I was born and settled down in the small community of Beaver Dam, Wisconsin. My father was a lumber man and he taught me that you never get anything worthwhile without working for it. And that tradition has stuck with me so thoroughly that I actually don't like anything I acquire unless it comes to me as the result of expending my own energy to get it. Like most Americans, I'm decidedly skeptical of anything I can get for nothing. Now this, to prove my point, just goes to show how far off a person can be in trying to judge what an actor is really like by the things he does on the screen."

My own acquaintance with Brian goes back to the days when he had just reached the decision to be satisfied with a steady quota of work. Being a sensible man and having sniffed the Hollywood winds, he had arrived at the conclusion that they were too changeable for good health if your altitude on the ladder of success was too high. He liked things from his position on the lower rungs, where a man could make a substantial living and run fewer risks of becoming dizzy.

But something happened to Brian's career a couple of years ago which even he doesn't attempt to explain. Choice rôles started coming his way in a steady procession, and today he is unquestionably one of the top male stars of Hollywood. He seems to be one of those fortunate persons, however, who can keep his head while success is swirling all about it. And this earthy, substantial quality in his nature could well be one of the principal reasons why the lady Marines chose him as their pin-up boy.

To get to the real Donlevy, then, let's piece together the little things about him which have been observed by those who know him best, his wife, Marjorie, and his small circle of real friends in Hollywood who have been close to him for years.

First, even seasoned military men declare he would make an outstanding officer on the strength of his recent screen portrayals alone. You will hardly disagree he has the necessary bearing if you recall him as *Commander Roberts* in "Stand By For Action," or as *Major Caton* in "Wake Island." You may or may not have heard that Brian came

pretty close to being a professional man of arms, which explains his handling of military rôles. He received an appointment to Annapolis and actually entered the Academy after he completed high school. But his interest was more in aviation than anything else and when he discovered it would take him eight years to get into the air arm of the Navy he resigned with thanks and philosophically decided to start life on his own.

It is no longer news that Brian's next move after leaving Annapolis was to go to New York. His first job there was as a model for Leyendecker, the illustrator, who was doing collar ads, and from there on our future pin-up boy gradually edged himself into the theater. He finally sealed his fate when, at the bidding of the late Louis Wolheim, he took the rôle of the young corporal in "What Price Glory." When you look at the record now it does seem that Brian invariably turns up with something military.

But let's get on with Brian as he is in his habits and his quiet life around Hollywood. At present, although he is always working top speed in pictures, he is more worried about stretching the output of vital tungsten from his mine in the Mojave desert for the war effort.

During less hectic times Brian fits very neatly into the classification of being just a nice, homespun guy. He likes to spend his evenings reading a book, particularly a book on engineering. He likes to write, too, and strangely enough his literary output is of the poetic variety. He is crazy about his home, and above all else he wants to be a good provider. Long before it became patriotic to have a vegetable garden Brian was cultivating an acre of ground next to his house. He wants only the best vegetables in the world served on the family table and one way to achieve this is to raise them himself.

He is the type who likes to rough it in the desert when he can get away, and he beefs when his wife, sudden-like, informs him he has to get dressed to go out for an evening. But being a good fellow, he always has a swell time at parties and his wife has to coax him to leave. He is a neat, conservative dresser and he likes to wear a hat, but his favorite chapeau is an old felt which his wife is always hiding from him. He doesn't care for a variety of shoes and would as soon wear the same pair of nice Sunday brogues from one year to the next.

Like most men, Brian shapes up into a paradox when you consider his little likes and dislikes. For example, he is wild about exotic perfume, and before it became so scarce he was always lugging home big bottles of it for his wife. On the other hand, his eating habits reveal the rugged man that he is. A thick steak for breakfast will put him in a good mood for the remainder of the morning. But when they are not forthcoming these days he doesn't gripe about it. He isn't the griping kind.

Brian is also proud of the fact that he is sentimental enough to remember birthdays and anniversaries, and his wife has never yet been a disappointed woman on such occasions. When he's alone and

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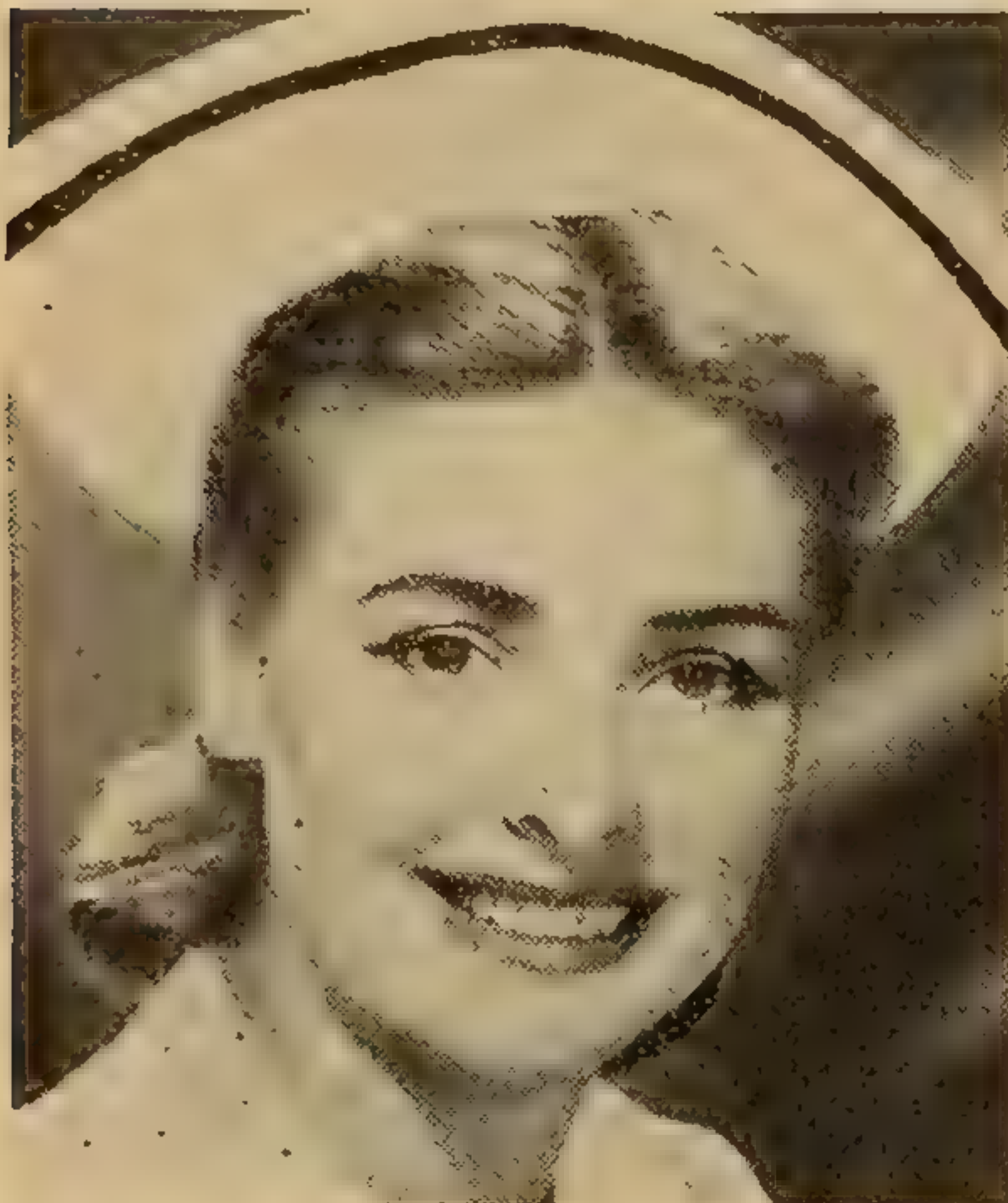
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thinking, he usually hums some tune, particularly when he's driving a car. He likes to whistle in elevators. He doesn't care much for expensive automobiles, but goes in big for gadgets on a car. His favorite machine is a Ford pick-up truck and he would even drive it to formal gatherings if his wife didn't object.

As to women in general, Brian has always leaned to the theory that a female really comes into her highest perfection when she is head of a home and family and is absorbed in her job. "I was afraid there would be a radical change in the traditional American woman when it became necessary during the war for them to take on men's jobs," he admits frankly, "but nobody can see what they are doing and not be proud of them. They haven't lost their femininity at all, and from the ones in the armed services I have talked to, they are only doing their bit until they can return to the ideal of building homes and families for the future of their country.

"If you ask me, the women have personified the true Yankee spirit in our greatest emergency and are carrying out a whale of an assignment. I have concluded that it is the spirit that makes the woman, regardless of what she is doing, and by this standard we all have to admit that the girls of today are wonderful."

That's Brian Donlevy, girls, just about as much of him as you can get onto paper. We hope you like him, but if you don't you had better not tell it to the lady Marines.

The Truth About Turhan Bey

Continued from page 28

winned at the sight of love's dream being put to the sword. For the next two they writhed, sighed, and groaned. The fifth, and they were muttering "Injustice!" under their breath as Bey expiated his high crimes on the screen. Then they unleashed their righteous wrath. Swooping down on available writing materials, they loosed the floodgates demanding, via an avalanche of letters to Universal Pictures, Inc., that henceforth the Bey appear in an upright position at *Finis* on pain of boycott of all offending pictures.

And that isn't all. To demonstrate to Bey where their sympathies, loyalties, and affections lay, they set in motion a rivulet of letters which swelled into a torrent of mail that virtually inundated the studio's fan-mail department, with the result that Universal, heeding the handwriting on the wall, put an abrupt end to his career of villainy and made him an honest citizen. In "The Mad Ghoul," not only was he alive and kicking at *Finis* but, more importantly, he was in the heroine's arms, which is very fine work, indeed, when the lady's name happens to be Evelyn Ankers. In the one after that, "Ali Baba And The Forty Thieves," which you will be seeing any day now, the script was rewritten so that Turhan Bey who died for Maria Montez in "The Arabian Nights" and was scheduled to perpetrate enough high crimes to insure him of the usual capital punishment, winds up no more diabolical a figure than

the man who helps Jon Hall win Maria Montez.

At which point, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, letting Jon Hall fend for his own women, made the proper overtures and borrowed him to play Katharine Hepburn's husband in "Dragon Seed," which Metro would like to think is as good a picture as will hit the asbestos this year of grace 1944. Universal, not to be outdone, promptly cast him in the lead of "The Climax," opposite Susanna Foster, a romantic, modern to-do carrying with it stardom. And Mr. Bey's redemption from sin was complete.

The subject of all the sighing and shouting is tall (six foot, one), slender (170 pounds), and swarthy with a set of well-chiseled features, luminous brown eyes, a low, rich voice, and a well-turned-out general appearance. In manner he is suave, in temperament, calm, in conversation, easy, and in attitude a cross between debonair and nonchalant. None of your typical young movie star who is constantly busy buttering those he meets for the sake of his future, he is inclined to be casual and relaxed. No Johnny Appleseed, who is eternally taking it big, he has a marked air of having been around and having enjoyed himself in the process. Impressionable women are apt to murmur: "How terribly continental!" once they get out of earshot. What else they think about Mr. Bey clearly comes under the head of "Personal," although there are those, of course, who like to put it in writing—and do, to Mr. Bey's delight and, on rarer occasions, embarrassment.

Universal's dream man comes by his poise and sophistication quite naturally. They were a part of him long before he came to Hollywood. He comes by his nonchalance equally naturally. He most emphatically did not lie awake planning a conquest of the movies. Fame, as such, leaves him cold. And he didn't especially need the money. He came to America for the climate and landed in Hollywood and pictures by a mere coincidence. But maybe the place to begin is at the beginning.

Vienna is where he was born with the resounding name of Turhan Selahettin Schultavy Bey and a curious and proud ancestry that goes back, on his mother's side, to prominent Czechoslovakian patriots and captains of industry and on his father's side to the prophet Mohammed, himself.

Vienna is where he was born, but Istanbul, the capital of Turkey, is where he was brought up, in as sumptuous a style as befits the scion of an important Turkish diplomat whose estate, "Nischantash," on the fringe of the Turkish capital, was as large as Beverly Hills and considerably more interesting.

Selahettin père (Bey is actually a family title) was—and is—a man of the old school, Turkish version, of course. As head of the house of Bey, he was inevitably the not reluctant host to every unattached member of the Selahettin clan. There were fifty of them bivouacked at "Nischantash" throughout young Turhan's boyhood. At twelve, having been subjected to tutors for eight years, he was packed off to France to acquire a little polish.

"I don't want to be an Absentee but what's a girl to do?"

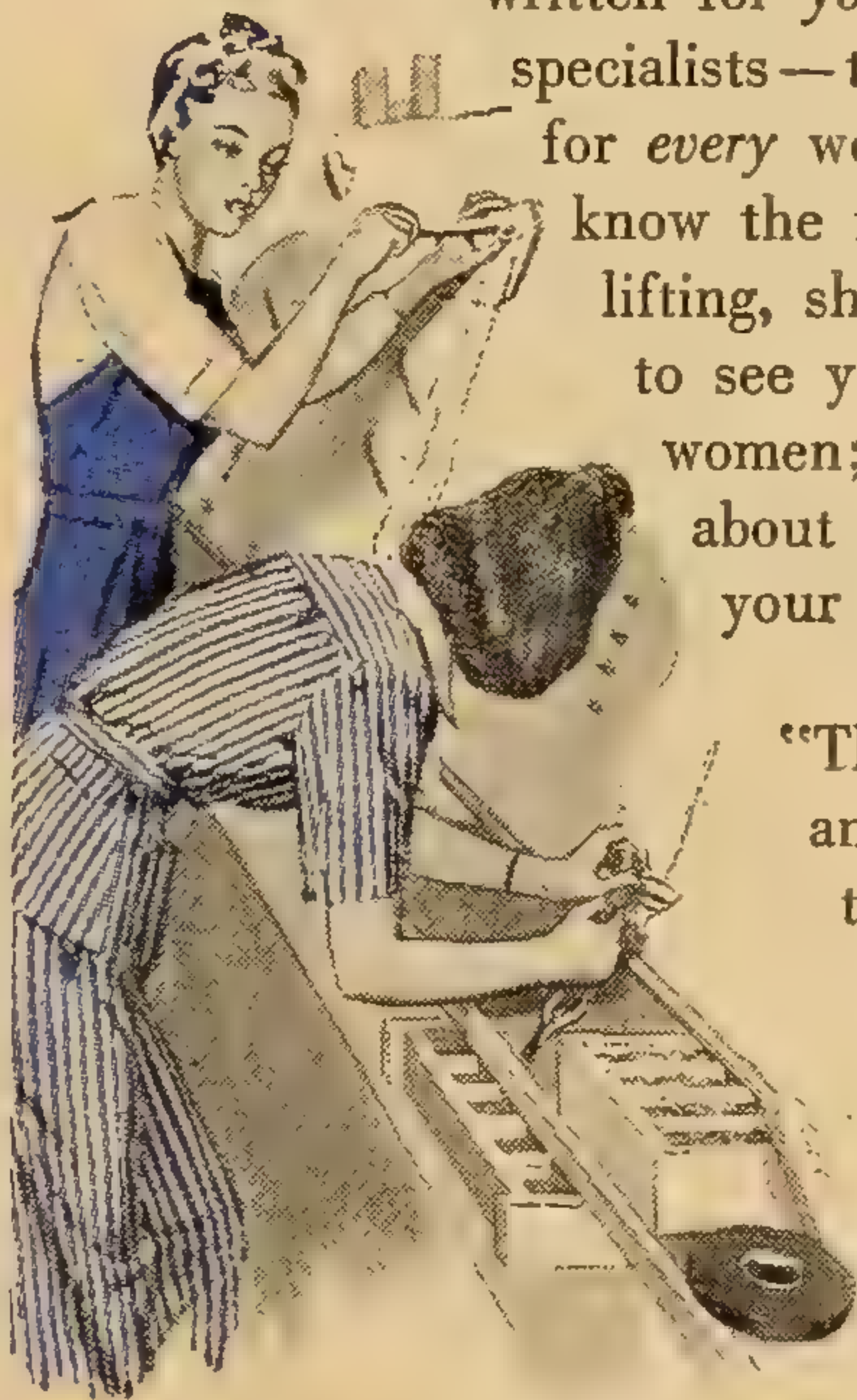
I know how important it is to stay on the job. So do plenty other women who miss work on "trying days". We know how much our plant—our country—depends on us, when every minute counts! But how *can* we keep going, at times when we feel like this?



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IN THE HEART OF TIN PAN ALLEY

He was fifteen and as wise as fifty when he helped finance an expedition into Tibet in search of minerals to be used as filters in gas masks. Naturally, to protect his investment he went along. He romped through Tibet, a pearl-handled pistol slapping against his side, and had a miserable time of it. Not a single brigand put in an appearance!

At 18 he acquired a mild archaeological fever, enough to send him into Egypt as aide to Dr. Felix Fuchs, the eminent Egyptologist. He gambled on the sands for nine months before he got fed up with the monotony of the scientific life.

The urge to travel still raging within him, he got home in time to accompany his father on a tour of world capitals on a roving diplomatic mission. He spent considerable time in Russia, Persia, and Austria watching the diplomatic wheels go round when he kissed the good-will tour good-bye and went off by himself to see what India was all about.

It didn't live up to advance billing. He didn't encounter a single wicked rajah (the kind you see in Universal pictures every now and then), he didn't witness a single uprising of the tribes, and he didn't manage to invade one of the forbidden temples. He did run into an attractive lady from Texas and for a while it looked as if something wonderful might come of it, as indeed it might have were it not for the fact that she was suddenly called back home to Rising Star or wherever she came from.

He was precisely 21, a little jaded with life, and living in Paris with his mother when a chance encounter with a man named Dr. Ludwig Wilson changed his life. They met, the young fugitive from boredom and the eminent American lawyer in Paris, over a drink in the bar at the hotel where both were stopping.

In the course of conversation our hero dropped the information that, firstly, Paris was all right but that his mother's health called for a more congenial climate, that he was temporarily on the outs with his father, and that, if the truth were known, he was just a little weary of the routine.

Dr. Wilson wondered if the answer to all three problems wasn't the United States—California, to be exact. In fact, right then and there he offered to give him a letter of introduction to one of his friends living in Los Angeles.

Never one to dawdle over making up his mind, the reluctant sojourner in Paris broached the proposition to his mother. She thought it was a fine idea. Three months later, almost to the day, the Beys, mother and son, arrived in California, just in time for a cloudburst ushering in the rainy season. He was wondering what to do with himself until the rains abated when he remembered the letter of introduction. He dug it up. It was addressed to Arthur Lubin, Universal Pictures. He lost no time in telephoning.

Mr. Lubin was cordial. Any friend of old Ludwig's was a friend of his.

They met for lunch in the Universal commissary. "For a man who has trouble ordering his meal in English," Mr. Lubin said with a twinkle, "you have no difficulty at all in making yourself understood to the flower of American womanhood, gathered here." He paused, swept

an interested eye over the ladies busily engaged in getting a load of the new arrival. "Sex, apparently, speaks an international language."

Bey's English was not quite up to Mr. Lubin's verity and wit. "Pardon me?" he said.

Mr. Lubin chuckled. "What you ought to do, if you're asking me, is to go to work on your English right away. Why not enter some dramatic school? You'll get lessons in diction, conversation, and maybe a little drama thrown in. A knowledge of drama never hurt anyone—leastwise in the pocketbook."

"Pardon me?" Mr. Bey said.

Well, he enrolled at the Bard Dramatic School where Alan Ladd and a hundred more picture celebrities learned their ABC's, and he took to the regimen like a high school girl to a uniform. He learned English so fast and so well that in a matter of eight months he was cast as the lead heavy in a school drama.

You guessed it. The night the play opened, a talent scout offered him not merely the usual test, but a part in a Warner Bros. picture. The Bey was a little surprised and even more amused. He didn't need the money, he didn't give a hoot about acting, and he had no especial interest in Warner Bros.

"I'll think it over and let you know," he said politely.

The talent scout did a double-take, inquired if Bey was kidding, and departed with the information that Bey wasn't.

He talked it over with Lubin that same night. Lubin thought it was rich. A whole city full of would-be movie actors and here was Warner Bros. anxious to sign up a guy who didn't give a hang about the movies.

"Why don't you do the picture just for a lark?" he suggested. "You might find it fun."

Mr. Lubin was prophetic. He did do the picture and he found it fun—immense fun. In fact, he felt a little sad when the picture was finished and he confided as much to friend Lubin.

Lubin said nothing, but did plenty. First, he wangled a look at the picture the minute the rough cut was ready. Next, he arranged to borrow a print. Then he had it screened for a posse of Universal executives.

The Universal executives as a man thought the Bey had "possibilities" and recommended an immediate contract. When Lubin broached the matter, Bey snapped it up, without even inquiring about starting salary, raises, or options.

He went into pictures, remember, as a lark. It explains everything, especially how come he didn't mind the treatment he got from the Universal casting geniuses, who work on the theory that if a man does a good job as a movie villain he is a cinch to flop in any other department of movie acting. He made a successful debut for Universal in "Half Way To Shanghai" as a no-good character. From then on he was sunk. He went from picture to picture, behaving abominably and paying for his misdeeds by every imaginable form of destruction, including death by flame, until the women of the land decided that enough was enough.

You know perfectly well what they did about it.

The Editor's Page

Continued from page 19

When a plane from the good old States swoops down, two questions are asked simultaneously: "Any mail — any movies?" And at one combat base you'd have thought the war was over the way the yells went up over some news: "A new projector has arrived!" It spread like wildfire. You see, their first one had been wrecked by a Nip bomb. Screening was going on as peaceful as could be when a Jap plane flew over and let drop a bomb. Nobody hurt—but the projector went up in the air and came down with a bang. But now they've got a new one.

The soldiers, sailors and marines are now getting the best possible film fare. Now the pictures are brand new, the majority of them having their world premieres in camps before they are seen on Broadway and Main Street. Prints are being shipped from Hollywood as soon as they are out of the cutting room, and the boy that left you behind is probably now seeing Hedy Lamarr's latest film before you will.

However, it can't be this way with all pictures. Say a brand new film arrives in North Africa. It's shown at nearly every base. Then it may be shipped to the Solomons, to Guadalcanal, back to Africa, then to Italy, maybe, with India having the next booking. The boy in India sees it last. This particular picture might be old to him. Perhaps he saw it before he embarked from an American port, and while he was making his slow crossing it beat him by plane to Africa, had its successive screenings and finally caught up with him in India. Sorta old to him, maybe.

But—the next day in India a plane may swoop down with film and that night there will be a screening of a picture he'd never heard of—maybe a musical full of girls. That was tops!

The Army has the film situation well in hand. Things are under control. They're getting the latest movies hot off the grid-dle and they're getting them places by plane, train, jeep, boat, canoe, and by dog team in Alaska.

There's that case of the Army picture operator who traveled by ration boat to a certain isolated island. A small boat came out to bring him ashore with his equipment. Just as the boat came to the beach a huge wave swept the operator about thirty feet where he landed flat on his face. The boat was swamped. Wading back, he retrieved the equipment, got it on the beach, then cleaned and dried the projector and film. That night two shifts of men enjoyed the movies sitting under the stars and the palm trees.

The natives? They eat them up too. They are catching on to American slang. When they see a pretty blonde on the screen, they murmur to each other, "Good one! She good one!"

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Private Life of a Zany: Jack Carson

Continued from page 33

father!" Jack couldn't wait to talk about his son. You'd think no one ever had one before. "He's so intelligent," said Jack, "it's really embarrassing to take him places where there are other kids his own age. He shows 'em up. Their parents are always urging them, now, Junior, say so and so. And Junior sticks his thumb in his mouth, or hangs his head, or bursts into tears. Jackaboy gives the other kid one minute to do his stuff, and then does it for him. He reads everybody's lines."

Jack was away on a camp tour recently with Ann Sheridan and Dennis Morgan. When he got home Mrs. Carson very casually asked little Jack over his cereal one morning, "Who's the best comedian on the air?" "Bob Hope," Jack, Jr., quickly replied. "And who," continued Mrs. Carson, enjoying her husband's surprised look, "and who is the corniest comedian on the air?" "My Daddy," shrieked Jack, Jr., with real enthusiasm. Next time he goes out on a camp tour Jack is considering taking Jackaboy with him. He and his mother might start tearing into his pictures next.

Jack's best friends are Jane and Ronnie Reagan and the Dennis Morgans. They play gin rummy together a lot, and hold an occasional Saturday night poker session at one of their homes. Jack used to be a bridge fiend, but gave it up when he married Kay because she doesn't like bridge. (See what a nice husband he is.) Jack doesn't care much for Hollywood parties and avoids them as much as possible. Because, I suspect, he's a very shy person, and Hollywood parties are strictly for exhibitionists.

"A radio program is a seven day a week job, don't let anybody tell you differently," he said. "So I like to go to bed early, even on Saturday nights. We try to live the way we would in Milwaukee," he says. (Milwaukee is his home town.) "I think you have more success in marriage if you don't get involved in this town." And I think he's got something there.

Out at Warner Brothers the executives are still swooning. Not over Frank Sinatra. Over Jack Carson. Seems that the first year Jack was under contract to Warners he worked fifty weeks out of fifty-two. The second year was almost as bad. With option time coming due Jack notified the executives he'd like to have a little business talk with them. They naturally thought that here was another actor all set to gripe about overwork and underpay. They got ready to slap him into line. "Hello," said Jack when he entered the front office, where the air was fresh from the Frigidaire, "I just wanted to tell you that I like it here. I like working for you, I like the studio, I like the publicity you give me, and I am completely satisfied with my salary." Well, well, the boys were thrown for a decided loss. An actor who actually *liked* something! It had never happened at Warner Brothers before. It probably

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had never happened in Hollywood before. "But," continued Jack with an affable smile, "I would like to have better parts. You can't blame me for that." Here they were all ready to shout and suspend. The props were knocked out from under them completely.

"How would you like to be a star?" they asked in a weak voice. Jack thought he'd like it fine. Papers were drawn up, names were signed, and Jack was a star. Simple as that. His first starring picture will be "Make Your Own Bed" and it goes into production right away. Which all goes to prove that you can become a star in this town without having to fight, pout, and sue. Just like Jack said: people snarl up their lives so hopelessly when things could be so easy.

Warner Brothers' newest star was all for telling me how cute Jack, Jr., was when they took him out of his zipper sheets and put him into a youth bed. But I sidetracked him with that old one about what was your biggest surprise. Seems that Jack's biggest surprise occurred in New York last year. He's always hated night clubs, even in the old vaudeville days, and his visits to the Stork Club have been few and far between. Five years before he had dropped in at the Stork one night and had been handed a check that looked like Bing Crosby's annual income. But last year when he was in New York—after "The Hard Way"—his wife expressed a desire to have dinner at the Stork Club. "It was her birthday," said Jack, "and I wanted to do anything she wanted to do. I told her, 'Last time I had a hard time getting in, and getting out, but we'll go anyway.' The doorman surprised me by saying 'Good evening, Mr. Carson,' and the headwaiter put us at a table in what he called the celebrity corner. The management sent over champagne. Everybody was staring at us and I felt like the darnedest fool in New York.

"I ordered something under glass, and Kay ordered something with a long French name which turned out to be lamb stew with vegetables. Several publicity boys dropped by the table, and several actors I had known in Hollywood. I ordered drinks for all of them. Then I began to worry. If the check had looked like Bing Crosby's annual income before, when I only had crackers and cheese and a short beer, it would certainly resemble the third War Loan this time. I was sure I didn't have enough money with me, and wondered if the management would cash a check, or haul me off to the police station. Well, at last Kay said she had had a wonderful birthday and why didn't we leave. I called for the check. It was for nine dollars! Not ninety. Nine. I couldn't believe it. I still can't."

Jack had said earlier in the luncheon, when he explained to me why he stopped being a loud-mouthed, uncouth character, and became his quiet, normal self, "How much confidence a little success gives you." Yes, success gives you confidence in yourself, Mr. Carson. And it gives night club managers confidence in you too.

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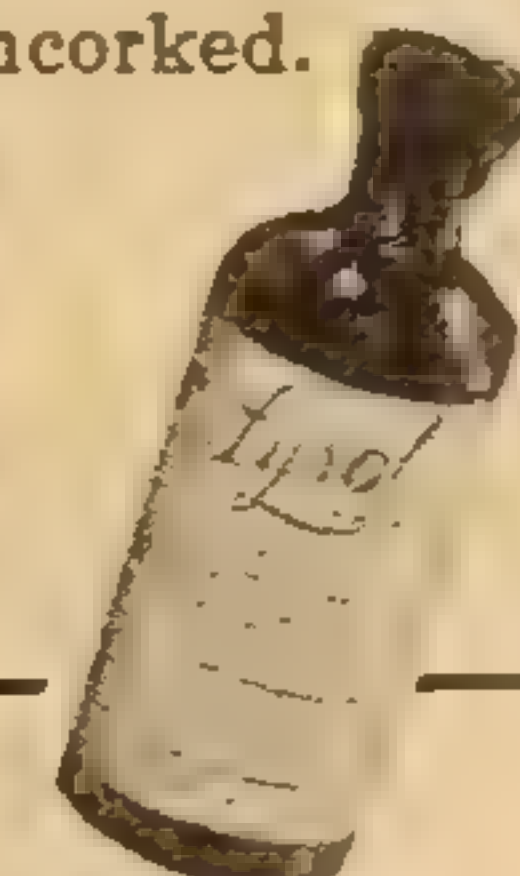
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Peggy Ryan's Romance

Continued from page 31

with him. But what he really wanted was a date with Sue, and always ended with her, leaving Peggy with Daniels, who was a nice fellow and liked Peg.

Peg and I collided for an interview just after she had finished "Patrick The Great" and "Hip, Hip, Hooray," and was about to begin "The Merry Monahans." Her work is just like everything else about her—constantly explosive. She has had less than ten days off while making her ten pictures.

Peg still has time for romance, however. She has had four Great Men (fiances) in her event-studded 19 years. The present incumbent is Technical Sergeant Ray Hirsch, U.S.M.C., an aerial torpedo bombardier instructor stationed not too far away to come up to date her most week-ends.

Sergeant Ray, Peggy says, has taught generals the art of aerial torpedoing. The Irish-German lad previous to that was 1) a very hot football player at Hollywood High School, 2) a very successful actor and 3) national jitterbug champion. He has just been selected "the average American Marine," and will be seen in a picture made by the Marine Corps. In short, he is hep.

He is very definitely the greatest of the Great Men, for he has presented a ring which Peg very proudly displays.

Johnny Peterson, Number One Great Man, was the son of a restaurateur. They pledged themselves when Peggy was 15.

"From the beginning," says Peg, "men's attentions toward me have always been honorable. They want me for a wife."

Number Two was Charlie Peck, whose father was in dental supplies. Number Three was Buddy Pepper, an actor. The Greatest of All came into her life in 1941.

Sergeant Ray and Peggy have two kinds of dates. One is Splurge Night. That comes right after the fifth of the month, which is the Marine Corps' big payday. This means orchids, Café La Maze, the Players, or some other important place. Check around \$30.00. The twentieth is Short Payday, which means the Palladium, 75 cents; a gardenia, 75 cents, and a hamburger joint, 70 cents.

"And," says Peg, "if it's a day date, which isn't often, we go out to Ray's mother's house, and we wash our gow buggies. That's rugged work." (Gow buggies are hopped-up, cut down automobiles.)

Now and then, Splurge Nights include Donald, who is currently putting the rush on Gwen Carter, daughter of a musician and student at Hollywood High School; Anne Rooney, under contract at Universal, and George Ivonovich, Seaman First Class, U.S.N. The other night they hit La Maze and really threw a ding—drinking cokes and dancing all evening. Mostly jitterbugging. Wearing orchids, too.

The saga of Peg, who seems to be typical of a new and rising generation, starts before she was born. Her parents, Emanuel Anthony and Hazel Ryan, danced in vaudeville. They were dancing fools. They danced right through one

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baby's arrival, and thereafter he lived in cribs back stage and went to bed at night in hotel bureau drawers and trunks, and now and then involuntarily took part in the act.

"Oddly enough," says Peg, "my brother, Michael E. Ryan, does not care for the stage. I cannot imagine why."

Michael, in Peg's opinion, is a smart guy in more ways than one—a regular hep. Right now, he's going to the University of Tennessee, and one of these days he'll be a Naval Pilot. He started at the bottom, fought his way through the Aleutians, passed a lot of exams, and now he's off to a higher education in more ways than one. He is six years older than Peg.

Getting back to the pre-Peg era, one day the Ryans got their biggest chance. They were offered time on the Orpheum Circuit, which was really putting the show on the road in those days.

"We're in the big time, Moms," said Emanuel Anthony Ryan.

Hazel yawned. "Let's not bother," she replied. "Let's have a baby instead."

So the Ryans settled in Long Beach, and Emanuel Anthony sold soda pop.

Peg arrived. The family dashed off to San Diego as soon as Peg was able to toddle. When Peg was two and a half, Hazel Ryan took one look at her legs. "Bow-legged!" she snorted. "Off to dancing school with you."

Peg danced. And her first professional appearance was at an Elks Benefit. She was three at the time.

"I took one look at that sea of shirts and did the entire routine with my back to the audience," she recalls. "I wowed 'em."

She was toe dancing at four and toe-tapping, which is very hard work even if you like it, at five. Her father was service manager at the El Cortez Hotel, and here she remembers constantly leaping from the inside of cakes, large toy rabbits, hats and what not to dance for the visiting firemen. No banquet was complete without Peg.

"Then," she says, "somebody told Moms I ought to be in pictures."

Peg was now approaching ten years. She had had five years of formal education at Our Lady of Peace Convent in San Diego.

"We are going to Hollywood," said Mrs. Ryan.

"I'll give you one year to make good," said Mr. Ryan, sternly, "and I'll be up every week-end."

Mrs. Ryan and her dancing offspring moved into an apartment in a very frowsy joint, as Peg puts it. From then on, and until this day, it is known to the Ryan family as "the tunnel."

About this time Peg became extremely Eleanor Powell conscious. Without prompting she'd go into any Powell routine. Sometimes unexpectedly. Mrs. Ryan placed her in the Hollywood Professional School. Here, she went to classes, danced and sang.

"It was a shock to me to see all the little glamor gals with their long blonde curls and frilly dresses and pretty manners," Peg said. "I took one look at them and told Moms, 'let's go back to San Diego.' Glamor scared me then. It scares me now. It doesn't go for me and



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I don't go for it. Give me a shirt, a pair of slacks and flat heels."

At school her fetish for dancing like Eleanor Powell attracted attention, and pretty soon she was rushed to M-G-M, where Dave Gould, the dance director, went into a series of nip-ups over her. "Get Powell!" he cried. "Get Louis B. Mayer!"

Miss Powell and Mr. Mayer first gaped, then laughed, while Peg did a couple of Powell routines. Eleanor said: "From here on, you're my protégée." The legal department wrote a seven-year contract. Peg and her mother moved out of "the tunnel" and sent for Dad.

Three months later, it having been decided that Eleanor would play in no picture in which she was depicted as a child, there seemed to be no further use for Peg. She moved out of M-G-M and the Ryan family moved back into "the tunnel." Dad got a job at the Plaza Hotel in Hollywood.

Gould said of Peggy Ryan's passing from the M-G-M roster: "They should not do this to a dog."

So he got her a dancing spot in the Actors' Fund Benefit at the Pan-Pacific Auditorium on July 3, 1935. Thousands of people packed the place, hung from the rafters, milled in the aisles and sat in the seats two and sometimes three deep. (So says Peg) Peg wowed 'em by the thousands, Eleanor sent flowers and, even better, Universal sent for Peg. They spotted her in "Top of the Town" and she danced with George Murphy and did an Eleanor Powell routine.

"We want to give you a build-up," said the Universal powers, "and we will. But first we've got to get a girl named Durbin started off on the right foot."

Peg got a term contract and was told to relax. The Ryan family again moved out of "the tunnel."

However, Peg was doomed to go on a professional crying jag. She went to work with George Murphy in "The Women Men Marry" and bawled all over the place. Then she cried through rôles in "The Grapes of Wrath," "One Way Corrigan," and "The Chicken Wagon Family."

"I came to Hollywood to dance and sing," Peg told Pop, "and all I do is weep. I'm a drip in the real sense."

"Peg," said her dad, "I think you're rutted."

This quaint conversation took place when Peg had reached the ripe old age of 15. And, a short time later, she was destined to cry real tears. She had a chance for a good rôle in the stage play, "Meet The People," which looked as if it was strictly stuff. (Had quality and would be successful.)

"We are going on the road soon," said the head man. "We want you. You are strictly tops. You must be 16, however, according to the law."

"I was sixteen on January 3," said Peggy.

They asked her mother. "She was sixteen on January 28," Hazel Ryan replied.

This discrepancy of testimony caused an investigation which resulted in Miss Ryan being tossed out. Hence the real tears. But, finally, she talked them into a flier in the hope the show wouldn't go on the road until she was really sixteen.

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Peggy prayed and danced and sang so hard that crowds came from everywhere, she got eight bows when the show opened and it didn't move until she'd passed the proper milestone.

By this time, Peg had a dog. It was, and is, an Aberdeen terrier, which looks like a Scotty in an oversized overcoat. The dog sings with Peggy. Dad Ryan is sure that some day the animal will talk. The dog, for no reason, is named Hamish.

Peg wowed 'em in Chicago, and Christmas found the entire family and Sue Robin, who was also in the show, living in a penthouse atop a small hotel on Eighth avenue, in New York City. It was here she met that character, O'Connor. The show ran 18 months. Peg's fame grew and grew.

On October 3, 1941, Peg opened in Hollywood in the stage show, "They Can't Get You Down." The Ryans moved into a small house they leased on Cahuenga boulevard, which curves over the Hollywood hills to Universal. They and "the tunnel" had parted forever.

Peg wowed 'em, and Universal signed her. To play opposite that character, O'Connor, in the first of ten pictures. Unglamorous Miss Ryan was set.

Today, Dad Ryan is a foreman with Technicolor. Moms Ryan and Peg are always fixing the house up. They have painted and re-decorated it; they have painted and varnished and re-built.

When Peg isn't working, she makes up scrap books on interior decorating, recipes and babies, clipping everything she reads. "Some day," she explains, "I'll get married, have a home and a baby, and they'll combine the best features of each."

Anna Lee's Overseas Adventures

Continued from page 34

zones she had visited and the photographs she had brought back with her.

There was the picture of the sailor she had been with in the hospital when he was awarded the Purple Heart.

"I met him first in a hospital in the North of Sicily," she said. "He hadn't been there long and he was in a cast that came right up to his chin but that cast couldn't hold his spirits down. About four weeks later when I was visiting a hospital in Algiers I heard my name called and there he was grinning a welcome at me. It was like suddenly coming on an old friend seeing him again and I was delighted to see that the cast was much shorter now. Then a good many days later I saw him in a hospital in the Oran area and again the cast had been shortened. An officer came in while I was there and asked if I didn't want to wait and be with the boy when he received his decoration. As if anything could have kept me away! It was one of the biggest thrills I've ever known.

"About a week later I was in another hospital in that area when a nurse came over to me and said a friend had heard I was there and wanted to see me. She led me to a stretcher waiting to be loaded on an ambulance and there was the boy, his cast off now. He was being taken to a debarkation hospital which meant he

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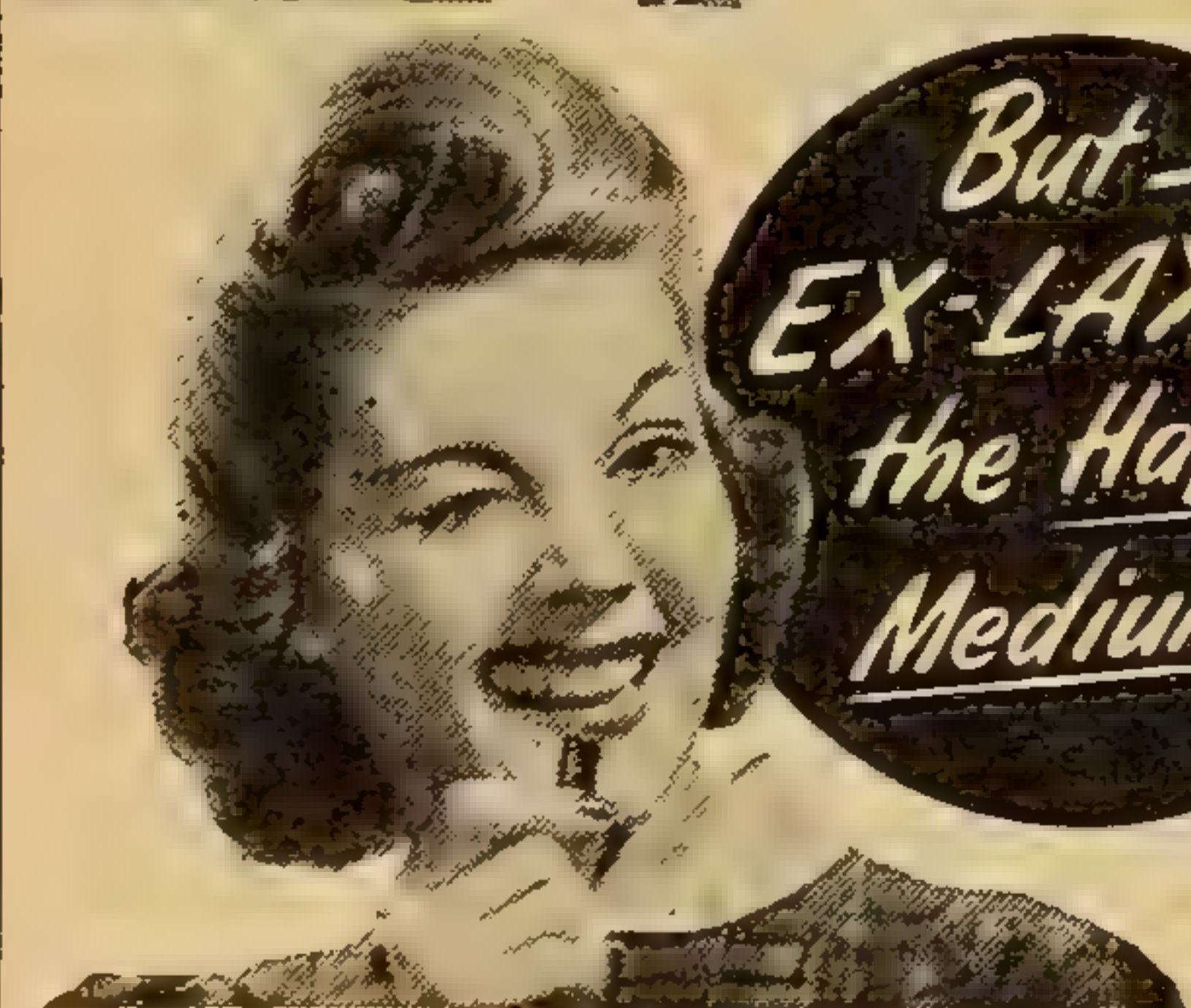
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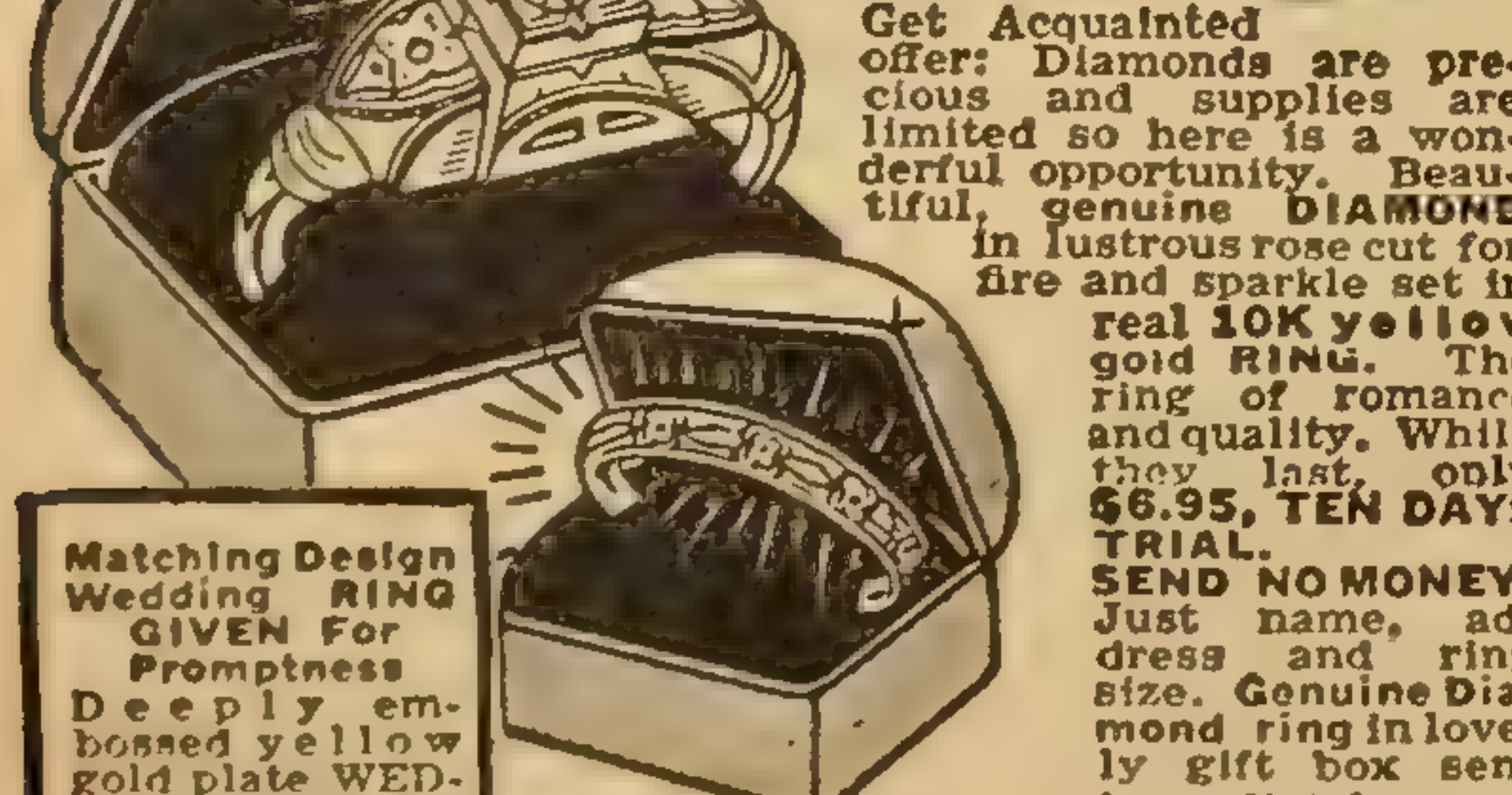
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was on his way home but knowing I would get there before he did he asked if I would take a message to his mother if I happened to land anywhere near Miami.

"I flew home and the first thing I did was to go to his home. The whole four months would have been worth it, just to see that mother's face when I told her the boy would soon be home. He was her only son, the last of five and the only word she had of him was the telegram saying he was wounded.

"After that I visited the General Hospital in Miami and it gave me such a lift to see so many of the boys there I had met overseas and to know that they were home. They had all been longing for home when I saw them there; now they were homesick for their own outfits. All they wanted was to get well fast so they could go back again. I knew how they felt. I'd only been back a few hours and I was getting homesick myself.

"The best part of the trip for me was the time I spent in the hospitals. When I was with the Jack Benny outfit we put on all the shows we could manage in hospitals and those wounded boys were so appreciative, so anxious to laugh at Jack's sallies and to enjoy Wini Shaw's singing and Larry Adler's harmonica playing. I'm not really a singer and I felt I could contribute more talking to the boys and listening to them when they talked.

"The shows were such fun. We enjoyed them as much as the boys. What appreciative, enthusiastic audiences they are! It's thrilling to perform for them and doing those shows gave me more satisfaction than I would have in winning the Academy Award.

"Then one day I was grounded. I had developed an ear condition from flying when I had a cold and I was hospitalized for five days. That was when I made up my mind that if I could get permission I was going to stay on after our present tour was over. It was awful lying there thinking of what I was missing. As soon as I was discharged I tried to get in touch with the Benny troupe but nobody knew where they were as departures or arrivals of anyone, even morale builders, are military secrets in time of war.

"A cargo plane was leaving for Algiers and there was room for me. But when we arrived, there was no sign of Benny and I went on to Tunis. 'Has anybody seen Benny?' I asked but nobody had. So I thumbed my way on another plane and went on to Bizerte asking that same question which by now sounded like a jingle tuned to the melody of *Has Anybody Here Seen Kelly*. But this time I got results.

"Sure, he played a show here two nights ago,' the boys at the Airport told me. 'He's probably in Algiers now.'

"Back to Algiers I went only to discover that he had been there and left and *might* be in Sicily. I got new orders from General Eisenhower and when I arrived in Palermo the first thing I saw on the field was our plane, the *Five Jerks* to Cairo. It certainly was good to see it.

"It was Jack's turn to be hospitalized now. He was laid up with laryngitis and a chest cold so Wini and Larry and I put on the show. Then Wini got sick and Larry and I played one alone. I can't

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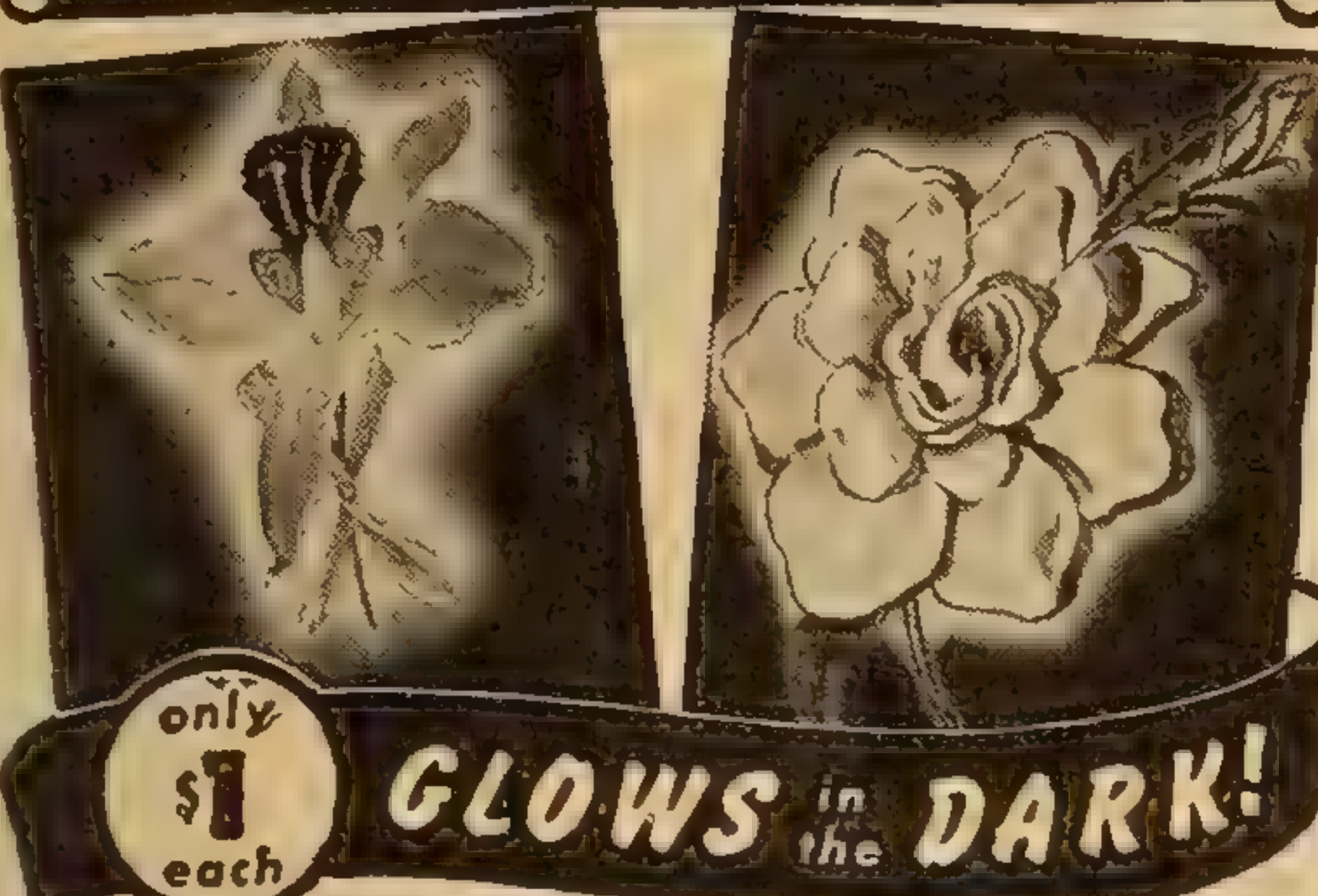
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say enough in praise of that crowd. They were grand troupers, grand companions and grand soldiers. When Jack improved a little he insisted on giving a show in the pouring rain and incidentally, very much against doctor's orders.

"You get to know people on a trip like this, better than you do even intimate friends, and everything I discovered about Jack and Wini and Larry made me admire them more. One of the hardest goodbyes I've ever gone through was standing on the field when I saw them off on their way home. I could hardly see the plane as it zoomed away for my tears. We'd been together for two and a half months and every minute of that time had brought us closer together. It was awfully hard to see them go but I had heard Adolphe Menjou was coming and that I could join his act.

"He arrived that same morning and that evening we put on our first show. Then Menjou became ill and I was on my own again. I got in touch with the proper authorities and was given permission to put on a show of my own. A Red Cross girl was our singer, our accompanist a boy who played the guitar and our master of ceremonies was a Sergeant who must have had Broadway in his blood judging from his marvelous ad-libbing. But I lost my cast soon after I'd gotten it together when they were called back to service because their outfit was moving up.

"Now I was strictly on my own. But to me it was the most satisfying part of the whole trip for when I asked a certain General what I could do he suggested I visit the hospitals and I went to every hospital in the Iran and Casablanca areas. It was so much more personal than entertaining from a stage and it was funny to discover all the heroes were much more interested in news from Hollywood than in telling of their own exploits. I really came to know those boys through the long talks I had with them and I came away with my address book filled with names, mostly those of mothers, and it will keep me busy for the next two months writing and telephoning messages.

"I visited camps too and I wrote an act, picking a boy from the audience to play opposite me. It was always the most bashful looking one I could see that I called on and the moment he opened his mouth stuttering over the romantic lines there would be a howl from the others.

"It was a wonderful trip every bit of it. But the time went so fast it wasn't until I was on the plane going home that I realized how much I had lived through in such a short time and how exciting it all had been. There were marvelous highlights to remember such as the time I found myself quartered in a wealthy French publisher's fabulous villa in Casablanca. Even in Hollywood I haven't seen such luxury and after two months of roughing it I was sure I was dreaming. My suite was like the most lavish DeMille set ever erected. The huge bed had fur covers, the living room opened on a romantic balcony overlooking the garden. There was a massage room and an exotic sunken tub in the bathroom and I didn't get to bed until two in the morning. I was so busy turning lights on

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and off and running the water from those beautiful faucets.

"Much more exciting though was the time when three fliers, all wearing the Distinguished Flying Cross, came over to me just after I'd landed at an airport.

"Do you remember when you were with Jack Benny at Bengazi?" one of them asked. "Do you remember a bombing mission going out? We missed the show you put on that evening and we wonder if we can't see your show tonight even though it's not for our outfit?"

"After a bit of questioning I got the story. The boys I was talking to bailed out of their disabled plane and were taken prisoners by the Italians. Then they heard the Germans had come into Italy.

"As they came in the front door," one of them said, "we sneaked out the back."

"Just as casually as they told of their escape they went on with the rest of their story, how they'd walked two hundred and seventy-five miles and finally got back to their base.

"There were so many other stories, too many to tell in a short time. They're one of the reasons I feel uncomfortable when anyone compliments me on having taken this trip. Compliment me, indeed! It has done much more for me than I could possibly have done for anyone else. Besides a lot of other things it has given me poise and confidence.

"Before I went I was so shy that people who didn't know me thought I was aloof and cold. It seems so strange to me that I, who was afraid of airplanes before, have flown 52,000 miles and in four and a half short months have been in the Caribbean area, West, Central, North and Italian East Africa, Arabia, Suez, the Middle East, Palestine, Iran, Iraq, which includes the Gulf of Persia, Morocco, Dakar, Sicily and Italy.

"I'll never be afraid of anything again as long as I live and before I was scared to journey alone from Chicago to New York. Before I left I was restless, probably because I felt I wasn't doing all that I should in this tremendous thing we're going through. Now I have a better feeling in my heart. I like living with myself better than I ever have before.

"I was frightened at the thought of crossing the Atlantic in a plane for I've had a terror of planes ever since I was fifteen and a flyer took me up and did all sorts of acrobatics and the buckle on my safety belt slipped. But even then I knew that I'd rather have a moment's fear than not to be there. Now I know God gives you some kind of courage when you do a job like this."

Time had gone fast listening to her talk. Now there was a little more than half an hour to make her plane for Hollywood. She rose, an incredibly small, fragile looking creature in the uniform that made her look like an absurdly young G.I. I couldn't help commenting on it and she smiled.

"I'm tough," she said. "It takes a lot to knock me out. I must have commando blood in me."

There was a brief handshake and there she was striding away and I have to admit it was pretty prosaic after that keeping an appointment at a hairdresser's for a shampoo and wave.

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Many sufferers relieve nagging backache quickly once they discover that the real cause of their trouble may be tired kidneys.

The kidneys are Nature's chief way of taking the excess acids and waste out of the blood. They help most people pass about 3 pints a day.

When disorder of kidney function permits poisonous matter to remain in your blood, it may cause nagging backache, rheumatic pains, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, headaches and dizziness. Frequent or scanty passages with smarting and burning sometimes shows there is something wrong with your kidneys or bladder.

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EMPIRE DIAMOND CO., Dept. ST-09, Jefferson, Iowa

There's Beauty Hidden in Your Hair

Continued from page 16

rate the scalp. When you use your favorite cake soap for your hair, shave it and melt it down. There are also bland, non-caustic toilet soaps which make good shampoos. And, of course there are several excellent soap preparations all bottled ready for your use. Some of the newest, fine shampoos are "soapless"—and it is remarkable how effectively they clean and condition the hair, leaving it lustrous.

Here are the general rules for hair-washing. While you are applying the shampoo—soapy, or soapless—lift your hair up so that the underneath hair will receive as much of the shampoo as the top hair. And don't be afraid to rub your head hard. The combination of friction and shampoo will remove dirt that might otherwise cling to the scalp... Shampoo your hair twice if it is really soiled, and always rinse it several times in warm water until all lather is removed. Warm water is usually the best for the last rinse too, except in cases of over-curly hair when cold rinses sometimes lessen kinkiness. For the final beauty touch to your shampoo, there are stunning color rinses for your hair!

A highly recommended preliminary treatment for dry hair is the rubbing in the scalp of a few drops of olive oil some time before the shampoo. Complete hot oil shampoos are also excellent to supplant the loss of natural oil... Oily hair must be shampooed with extreme care. After it is dry, the application of a special tonic to the scalp helps retard the reappearance of oil. Brushing vigorously to loosen dry particles, to stimulate circulation, and to help the scalp glands throw off oil and accumulations, is always a pre-shampoo MUST.

And speaking of cleanliness, remember that while shampoos remove the most dirt from your hair, your brush will help keep it clean from day to day. What an important little beauty instrument that hair brush of yours is! It does a three way job—removes surface dirt, tones up the scalp, and helps arrange the final hairdo. A five-minute brushing daily keeps the scalp fit and hair lovely.

Because bad cases of dandruff are a story in themselves, we haven't talked much about them. It's well to know, however, that there are two kinds of dandruff to beware of—dry dandruff and oily dandruff. Dry dandruff is simply the accumulation of scales that probably would not be there at all if the scalp were functioning as a clean, healthy scalp should. Oily dandruff is the disagreeable kind that forms sticky patches of oil and scales. For this condition it is wise to consult a physician because there may be an internal reason for this scalp disorder. As oily dandruff is contagious—to others, and to the rest of your own skin—those who have it should shampoo with medicated soap and dress the hair with sterilized combs and brushes. Even those little combs that grip your hairdo in place should be sterilized occasionally! The constant use of a well-known antiseptic is also helpful.

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It's so easy to have scalp odor—and not know it! But if you want the real truth as to whether you offend, just consult your hat.

Your scalp perspires, you know—just as your skin does. But with Packer's Pine Tar Shampoo at hand, you needn't risk offending with scalp odor. There's pure, medicinal pine tar in this gentle, thorough shampoo. The delicate pine scent does its work, then disappears. Oily hair, which so quickly collects unpleasant odors, particularly benefits from Packer's Pine Tar Shampoo.

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Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads

Hollywood's War Within a War

Continued from page 24

the War Department. The War Department then lays out a tour route determined by the most urgent need for camp entertainment and according to the length of time a player is available.

The Talent Committee of the Victory Committee, headed by Charles K. Feldman, keeps constantly informed as to what players will be free for tours by weekly reports from studio casting heads and actors' agents. In this way it can accede promptly to urgent entertainment requests from the War Department. It is the job of Marco Wolff, executive administrator of the Victory Committee, and his staff, to contact players directly and map out their assignments in detail. In all there are thirty-six members of the Executive Committee of the Victory Committee, including representatives of guilds and production heads of studios. And, of course, they all work without salary.

Funds necessary for the actual tours and other entertainment are raised by the USO, which gets its money from public donations. Players supplied by the Victory Committee receive no salaries.

In addition to domestic and overseas tours, a major job of Hollywood personalities is to provide entertainment for great armies training on the Southern California and Arizona deserts—which may not be as famous as the Sahara but are as hot; for West Coast naval bases; for hospitals, air bases and reception centers in the same area.

To stage these "spot shows," as they are called, variety troupes go out on one-night stands or over the week-ends. Up until November more than twelve hundred players had given eight hundred and seventy-seven such shows, playing to audiences numbering as high as fifteen thousand men. To date more than two hundred performers have gone on domestic tours, covering nearly two thousand camps.

As this was written, fifty-one top-flight players had gone overseas: sixteen to England and Ireland; four to the Panama Canal Zone; six to Alaska and the Aleutians; seven to the Caribbean; two to Newfoundland; one to Greenland; five to the South Pacific and ten to Africa. Others are on their way now, but who they are and where they are going is supposed to be a War Department secret.

In addition to personal appearances, the stars provide a vast flow of radio entertainment for troops overseas. This entertainment, in the form of transcriptions, shares transportation priorities with guns, bullets and food for American fighting fronts. By Ferry Command, by commercial airline, by ship convoy, entertainment goes to Alaska, New Zealand, India, Australia, Puerto Rico, China, Guatemala, Great Britain and Africa. Ten of a score or more of transcribed programs are made regularly by such Hollywood stars as Bing Crosby, Carole Landis, Dorothy Lamour, Dinah Shore, Bob Hope, Betty Hutton, Cary Grant and others.

The stars make these transcriptions

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If you suffer with those terrible attacks of Asthma when it is cold and damp; if raw, wintry winds make you choke as if each gasp for breath was the very last; if restful sleep is impossible because of the struggle to breathe; if you feel the disease is slowly wearing your life away, don't fail to send at once to the Frontier Asthma Co. for a free trial of a remarkable method. No matter where you live or whether you have any faith in any remedy under the Sun, send for this free trial. If you have suffered for a lifetime and tried everything you could learn of without relief; even if you are utterly discouraged, do not abandon hope but send today for this free trial. It will cost you nothing. Address **Frontier Asthma Co., 286-M, Frontier Bldg., 462 Niagara St., Buffalo, New York**

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**\$1.95
TEN
DAYS
TRIAL**

when they are too busy working to go out on tour. They finish a day in front of the movie cameras, hop into a car and go to a recording studio, eat dinner (a sandwich and a glass of milk) while rehearsing and wax the transcription before going home. Or they do shows on Sunday.

Entertaining the armed forces costs the stars plenty in time and effort and even more in cash. Kay Kyser is a good example. Kyser takes his entire commercial radio show into camps. Since Pearl Harbor he has given up well over a million dollars in contracts to play free for the men in uniform.

Carole Landis, Kay Francis, Martha Raye and Mitzi Mayfair took a fair jaunt of 37,000 miles for five months to entertain American troops in England and North Africa. Five months' salary for the girls figures up to a lot of cabbage. Joan Blondell went to Newfoundland and made domestic tours that consumed about six months of her time, and there are a lot of folks in Southern California who are retired on less than Joanie can earn in a half-year period.

Joe E. Brown, whose son, Don, died following the crash of his Army plane, spent seven months overseas. First he made a trip to Alaska, the initial off-shore tour negotiated by a Hollywood personality, then an expedition to the South Pacific. Edward G. Robinson, who made a trip to England for the OWI and who does free radio shows for the government, is reported to have given one hundred thousand dollars to the USO. Adolphe Menjou recently returned from a five months' trip through England, Sicily and Africa. His movie salary for five months would come to well over seventy-five thousand dollars.

When Reggie Gardiner started a recent tour, the only train space available was an upper berth. Philip Dorn's schedule went awry, and he found himself with a night to spend in Dallas—where lines start forming at hotel desks at noon. He spent the night on a park bench.

Players entertaining in the desert give their performances on open platforms in the sun, where the thermometer hits 130. Gloria Jean folded up on a Saturday afternoon performance, dosed up on salt tablets and went on again Sunday afternoon. In a Denver camp Mickey Rooney gave eight fifty-five minute shows a day, singing, dancing and cracking gags. In a two weeks' tour he wore out two pairs of shoes. Edgar Kennedy made forty-seven appearances in one day in New Mexico.

During the cross-country tour of the Hollywood Cavalcade, which consisted of twelve top stars, more than \$1,079,586,819 in bonds were sold to help the Third War Loan campaign, and altogether it is estimated that movie personalities have sold more than two billion dollars worth of War Bonds. If you think this sum is staggering, consider the value of the time the players give free to such work. A man like Ronald Colman ordinarily earns seven thousand five hundred dollars for a radio broadcast, but he has done any number gratis for Uncle Sam without giving it a second thought.

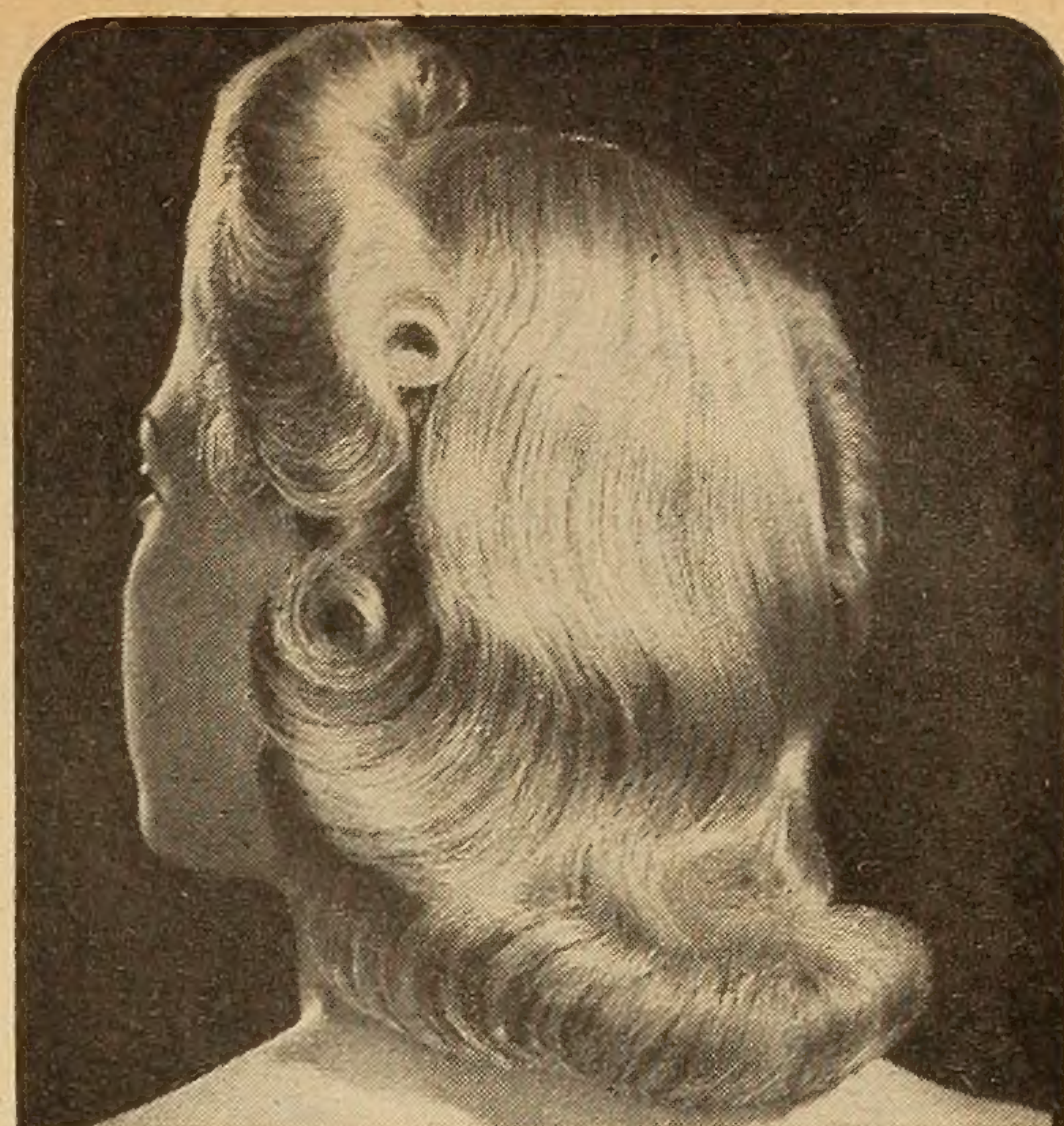
Oddly enough, the assignment players like most is a trip overseas to one of the active fronts, despite the dangers.

According to countless letters on file at the War Department, the visit of a movie star to a fighting front is the greatest morale builder the Army has found so far. The movies are a part of everyday life for most Americans and the faces of their screen favorites are so familiar that soldiers always confess they feel as though they have talked to someone from home after meeting a Hollywood actor. Players are considered practically old friends, and the men yearn for their visits.

A player doesn't have to be able to do a song and dance to give the fighting man a thrill, according to Adolphe Menjou. This actor spent a great deal of his time autographing "V" letter forms for soldiers in North Africa and England and the men were so proud of them that they used the forms for letters to send back home, taking care to write all around the Menjou scrawl so their folks would know they had met and talked to a genuine movie star. Rosalind Russell, who is a member of the Executive Committee of the Victory Committee, proved the value of this kind of personal contact with men in the armed forces during the early days of our active participation in the war. Roz offered herself as a guinea pig by making a tour across the country, merely talking to the men and shaking hands. Her reception couldn't have been more enthusiastic if she had worn pink tights and stood on her head at every appearance.

But to give you an example of how even a remote contact with a star peps the men up, consider the case of Betty Grable. The War Department, in response to ninety-six specific requests from the Pacific war theater, put Betty on the radio and had her sing "Song of the Islands." "Hollywood has made these islands vastly different from what they are," wrote one petitioner, "but when we hear Betty Grable sing about them they look a darn sight more like a scenarist's pipe dream than they really are."

The experience of Andy Devine also points to the complete cooperation of players once they put themselves in the hands of the War Department. Andy had been told to prepare for a tour of the South Pacific and was mildly elated over the prospect of trimming a few pounds off his midriff down in the swel-



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2. Rinses away shampoo film.
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4. Helps keep hair neatly in place.

LOVALON does not permanently dye or bleach. It is a pure, odorless hair rinse, in 12 different shades. Try LOVALON.

At stores which sell toilet goods

25¢ for 5 rinses
10¢ for 2 rinses



Delhi Replica DIAMONDS



Have the scintillating fire of diamonds—fine quality mountings—prices: No. 4—\$2.75. With 3 stones—\$3.95. No. 5—with 7 stones—\$2.95. With stones all around in white finish—\$4.75. In yellow finish—\$6.75. No. 6—(very artistic)—\$7.75. In ordering, WRITE PLAINLY, giving ring number and ring size. SEND NO MONEY.

Pay postman. Five-day money back guarantee. Order today. Supply uncertain.

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Why risk cutting cuticle?

— when it's so easy to keep cuticle trim with Trimal!

NEGLECTED CUTICLE

The safe, gentle way to remove cuticle is the same method used by professional manicurists. Simply wrap cotton around manicure stick and apply Trimal. Then watch dead, loose cuticle soften. Wipe it away with a towel. You'll be amazed and delighted with results! Ask for the 10c or 25c size now — at drug, department or 10c stores.

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... keeps cuticle trim without cutting

WELL-MANICURED CUTICLE



TRIMAL LABORATORIES • LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA



Pin-up picture for the man who "can't afford" to buy an extra War Bond!

YOU'VE HEARD people say "I can't afford to buy an extra War Bond." Perhaps you've said it yourself . . . without realizing what a ridiculous thing it is to say to men who are dying.

Yet it is ridiculous, when you think about it. Because today, with national income at an all-time record high . . . with people making more money than ever before . . . with less and less of things to spend money for . . . practically everyone of us has extra dollars in his pocket.

The very *least* that *you* can do is to buy an *extra* \$100 War Bond . . .

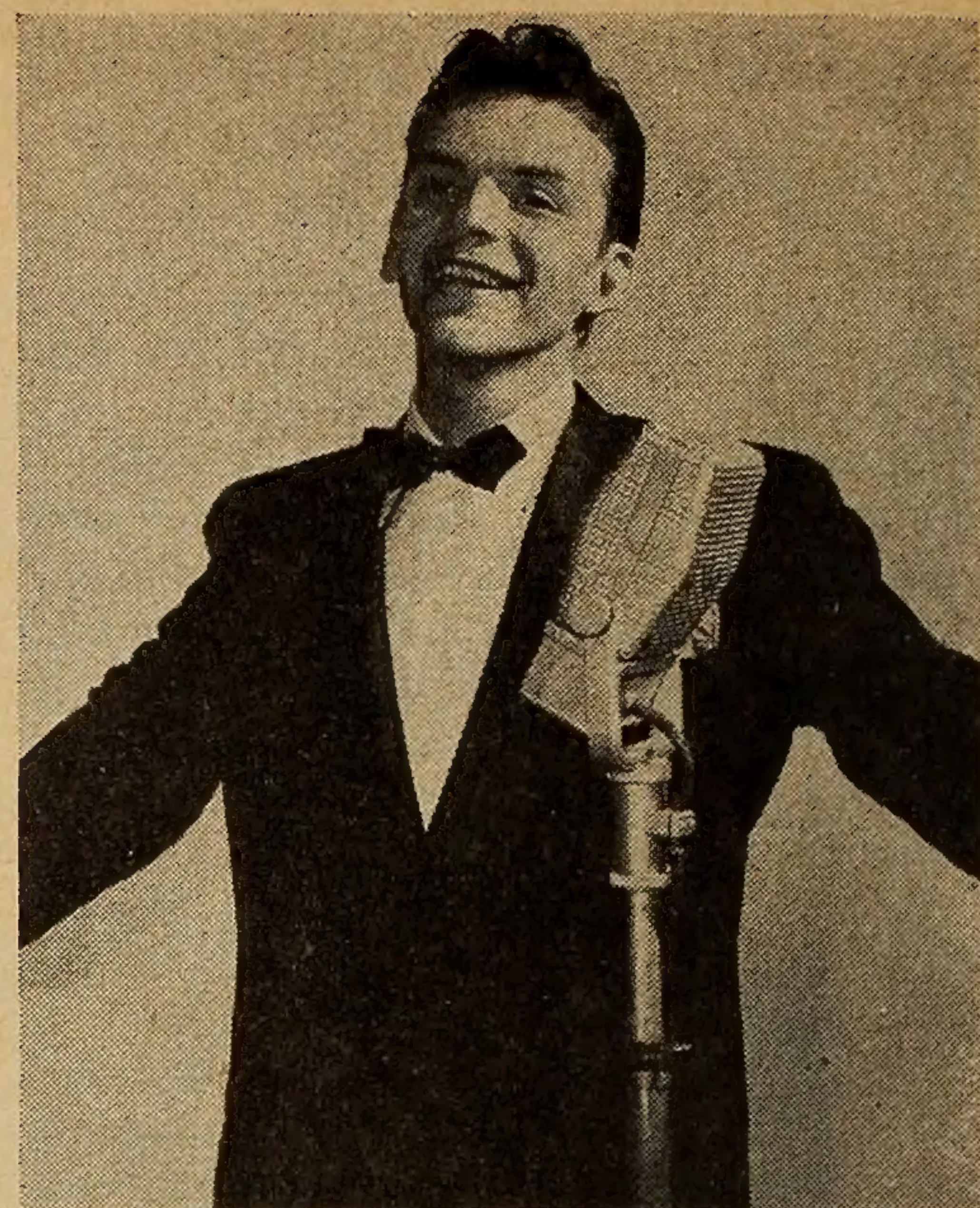
above and beyond the Bonds you are now buying or had planned to buy. In fact, if you take stock of your resources, and check your expenditures, you will probably find that you can buy an *extra* \$200 . . . or \$300 . . . or even \$500 worth of War Bonds.

Sounds like more than you "can afford?" Well, young soldiers can't afford to die, either . . . yet they do it when called upon. So is it too much to ask of us that we invest more of our money in War Bonds . . . the best investment in the world today? Is that too much to ask?

Let's all BACK THE ATTACK!



SCREENLAND



Frank Sinatra, star of RKO's "Higher And Higher," Chairman of the American Youth Division, heard on 925 stations singing and soliciting funds for President's Birthday—"March of Dimes."

tering tropic heat. But when he arrived in San Francisco to take off he was notified that a sudden change in plans had been made. There was an urgent request for a little morale building in the opposite direction. This led Andy to believe that he would still get a good sunning. Sicily had been invaded and he was heading for New York. So you can imagine the Devine double-take when he was finally sent to Greenland. He spent an entire month above the Arctic Circle making the boys laugh and admits now that he wouldn't exchange the experience for anything on earth.

To give you an idea of the variety of entertainment being furnished the fighting forces by the Victory Committee, there is the recent trip of Judith Anderson and Maurice Evans to the Hawaiian Islands. These two toured the most remote posts in the Islands doing "Macbeth," of all things. Boys who had never been in a theater in their lives literally hung on the Shakespearian pentameter. In fact, Miss Anderson reported only one unorthodox reaction.

When she appeared in the décolleté night attire of *Lady Macbeth* in the first scene of act five during the opening days of her tour the show was practically broken up by whistles and cheers from the audiences. Men who hadn't gazed upon an attractive woman in months, and one so well dressed to bring out the feminine charms, simply couldn't restrain their enthusiasm.

"After that," Miss Anderson told this writer, "I made a brief speech prior to every performance attired in the *Lady Macbeth* nightie. I told the boys to get the whistles and cheers out of their system before the curtain went up because we knew they would enjoy the play better if they didn't break up the mood once we had started."

The experience proved three things—that Uncle Sam's boys are so avid for entertainment they will sit spellbound during a Shakespearian tragedy; that Miss Anderson is a great trouper, and that the feminine touch still has the mostest appeal.

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Vivia, stirring, unforgettable panchromatic hues color-fused with a touch of genius to bring you the breathtaking glow of exotic loveliness. Here is the perfect make-up cake worn by so many glamorous Hollywood Starlets. You too will thrill to this magic allure the day you discover STARLET. In six luscious shades... fifty cents and one dollar fifty

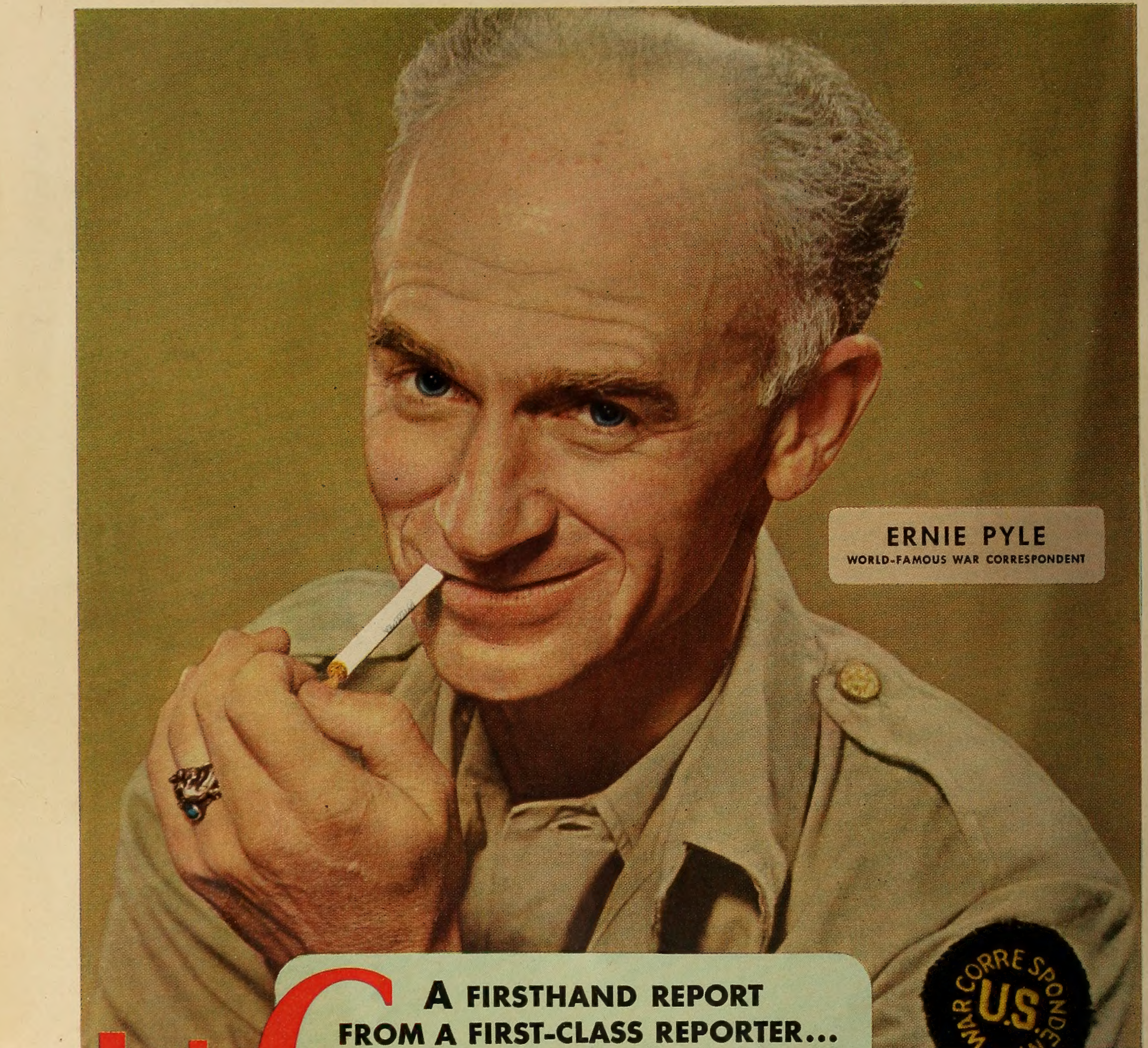
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Hollywood Starlet

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ERNIE PYLE
WORLD-FAMOUS WAR CORRESPONDENT

**A FIRSTHAND REPORT
FROM A FIRST-CLASS REPORTER...**

It's CHESTERFIELD

**ON EVERY FRONT I'VE COVERED...WITH
OUR BOYS AND OUR ALLIES, CHESTERFIELD
IS ALWAYS A FAVORITE** *Ernie Pyle*

Chesterfields are milder and better-tasting for the best of reasons...they're made of the world's best cigarette tobaccos—but what's more... Chesterfield combines these choice tobaccos in a can't-be-copied blend that gives smokers what they want. That's why your Chesterfields really Satisfy. They're the favorite of millions.

